

# POEMS

UPON

Several Occasions

AND

To Several PERSONS.

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Written by Mr. Manning.

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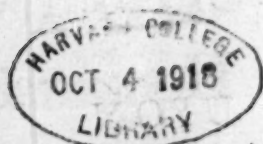
*Et Veniam pro Laude Peto, Laudatus abunde  
Non fastiditus si Tibi, Lector, ero.*  
Ovid.

---

L O N D O N:

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Modern Languages

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TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Lady MARY CHAMBERS.

**I** Have *Ventur'd* to Lay at your  
*Ladyship's Feet* the follow-  
ing *Papers*, which I have had  
ev'n the *Vanity* not to disown, since  
They were at first *design'd* for an  
*Offering* to so *Glorious a Shrine*.

This, if any Thing can, will  
be my *Excuse* with the Men of  
*Business* and *Gravity* for having  
Employ'd so much of my *Time*  
upon *Poetry*; An Art with so

A 3 much

*The Dedication.*

much Difficulty *Attain'd*, and  
ev'n *Then* so unprofitable to its  
*Master*.

But should They Refuse to  
Sign my *Pardon*, I shall sit down  
without *Repining* at That Mis-  
fortune, if You, Madam, will  
Vouchsafe to Accept this *Humble*  
*Present* at my Hands.

Who can be *Surpriz'd*, that has  
the *Honour* to know Your *Lady-  
ship*, at my *Zeal* to Procure My  
Book such a *Patroness*? Or how  
should a *Lady* of *Transcendent*  
*Vertues*, *Beauty*, and *Qualities*,  
escape

## *The Dedication.*

*escape an Address of this Nature?*

I must own however the *Boldness* of the *Attempt*, and my *Want* of *Capacity* not only to *Acquit* myself *Justly* on so *Nice* an *Occasion*, but *Ev'n* to *Digest* a *Thought* with *Any* *Tolerable* *Proportion* to the *Greatness* of the *Subject*.

Were the *Famous* *Mr. Waller* now *Alive*, He had certainly *Pass'd* from *That* *Noble* \* *Lord* *Your* *Grandfather's* *Piety* to your *Matchless* *Perfections*. He had *Gone* further than *the* *Great*,

\* *Mr. Waller on the Earl of Berkeley's Book.*

## *The Dedication.*

and Good, He so Justly Bestows  
on Him. He had Sung of Your  
*Ladyship* in softer Strains than of  
*Gloriana*, and Drawn a New Cha-  
racter to the Life without owing  
any thing to his own *Invention*.

*Berkley's Innocence*, Madam, is  
Peculiarly Yours, and Who can  
Entertain the least Doubt but that  
the Near Attendance you gave  
her Late Majesty, of Glorious Me-  
mory, has form'd in Your *Lady-  
ship* All those Noble Sentiments of  
*Vertue*, *Goodness* and *Honour*, which  
Shone so Conspicuously in That In-  
comparable Queen?

Had

## The Dedication.

Had it Pleas'd Heaven to have  
Continu'd longer to Us That  
Great *Example* of her Sex, What  
Heaps of Blessings, What Stores of  
Happinefs had been Pour'd forth  
upon This Nation!

But since The Very Best are  
Subject to Fate, and tho' we  
have Such Infinite Reason to La-  
ment so Uuparalell'd a Loss, Yet  
when we See The Vertues and  
The Charms of That Excellent  
Princess Deriv'd from Her to You,  
Then 'tis we gain a Truce from  
Sorrow, and Cherish the vast Joy  
that Rushes on our Souls.

What

## *The Dedication.*

What I have said is so Visible  
a *Truth*, that I have no other  
*Pardon* to Beg of Your Ladyship on  
This *Occasion*, than for Aiming at  
a *Character* I am so Unable to  
Reach. But my *Assurance* of Your  
*Goodness* makes me not Despair  
Ev'n of That to,

*Madam,*

Your Ladyship's Most Obedient,

*Humble Servant,*

Francis Manning.

# THE

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**Errata.**

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## ERRATA.

The *Reader* is desir'd to correct the following Mistakes of the *Press*.

**P**AGE. 30. *line.* 7 for Then *Read* Than. *l.* 14.  
R. Turning P. 47. *l.* 8. for fears R. fear.  
P. 81. *l.* 4. R. Shew. *l.* 11. R. Descending. P. 17.  
*l.* 21. R. *cauta*. P. 31. *l.* 12. R. Tempting. P. 67.  
*l.* 14. R. Impetuous.

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A. 14. R. Impetuous.

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# POEMS, &c.

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## *The Lord Chancellor.*

**T**HE Man who in corrupted Times  
 Lies still, and envys no Man's Crimes;  
 In safe obscurity content,  
 Enjoys that ease which Heaven had sent.  
 But when Ambitious Men defie  
 The Laws, and every Property;  
 When *English* Freedom, Native claim,  
 Grew near to be without a Name,  
 'Twas time the Patriot then shou'd rise,  
 And stop his Country's Miseries;  
 Vast Skill and Eloquence he brings  
 Against the boundless Pow'r of Kings;  
 Such weight upon his Tongue is found,

And so much Musick in the Sound,

~~That ev'n the Judges of the Cause~~

Confirm the general Applause.

When gracious Heaven to check our Foes,

~~Who Triumph'd in a Nation's Wees,~~

Our happy Revolution sent,

Rewarding Pride with Banishment :

The matchless Lawyer could not long

Be numbred with the pleading Throng ;

Justly he merited that Grace,

Which a wise Prince knew where to place.

In him each Grace and Vertue join'd,

To finish his exalted Mind.

Statesman and Friend in him excel,

None e're united them so well ;

The Poet's wonder and esteem,

His noble Precedent and Theme.

Whate're politest Letters teach,

Were found within his easie reach.

Still Rising in his Masters Love,  
 By just degrees He soars above  
 The rest of Subjects, and obtains  
 A Station next to Him who Reigns.

Whilst *Somers* held this lofty State;  
 Still mindful of the Turns of Fate;  
 Unwearied was his care to be  
 From each degrading blemish free.  
 Such His untainted worth shall grace;  
 A Prince the Glory of his Race;  
 Great, Valiant, Wise, Unshaken, Just,  
 All *Europe's* firm Support and Trust;  
 A Prince who mounts aloft to Fame,  
 And spreads throughout the Globe his Name:  
*Somers* has gain'd a lasting Praise,  
 Truth, Justice, Honour fill His Days.  
 Thus shall each Muse a Subject Sing  
 Worthy to Good, to great a King.

To Aurelia, upon her Absence from the  
Town.

WHAT unexpected Chance has ta'en  
The fair *Aurelia* from the Town?

So an invidious Storm of Rain

Deprives us of the chearful Sun.

But Storms do seldom grieve us long,

Their hasty Nature soon abates,

And *Sol*, more seeming-bright and strong

At his return, fresh Joy creates.

Let the successive turns of Rain

And Sunshine, my *Aurelia*, prove

How soon your Absence gives me Pain,

How much your Presence kindles Love.

And by your quick return make known

That this Comparison is true :

For 'tis foul Weather when you're gone,

But Fair approaches still with You.

*The Tenth Ode of the second Book of Horace*  
*Rectius vives, Licini, &c.*

**W**ouldst Thou live well and free from Care?

Trust not the raging Deep too far;

Nor when black Storms begin to roar,

Attempt to keep too near the Shore.

The Man who loves the Golden Mean,

Enjoys a Mansion sweet and clean;

He envies not the Pomp of Kings,

Secure in all his Fortune brings.

The lofty Pine is soonest torn

By furious Winds, and headlong born;

Whilst the defenceless Reed, that yields  
To every Blast still keeps the Fields.

A Gallant Mind it self contents,  
Is undisturb'd at all Events:  
No Passions which weak Souls possess,  
No Hopes and Fears can make it less.

What tho' the Winter has been long,  
The Spring will come to claim my Song:  
Each Season is assign'd its Time,  
And duly visits every Cline.

Cross Accidents don't always last,  
Judge not the future by the past;

Apollo in some lucky Hour,  
His Bow unstrung, declines his Power.

Let no ill Chance thy Courage move,  
But rather more unshaken prove:

And when thou hast a fresher Gale,  
Contract betimes thy swelling Sail.

*The Eleventh Ode of the first Book Tu ne  
quaesieris, &c.*

**D**esist, fond Man, nor seek to know  
What end the Gods for Thee ordain;

Such vain enquiries do but shew

The way to live in endless Pain.

Since Human Life at best is short,

And all that doth on That depend;

Since Friends must from their Friends depart,

And all things seek their destin'd end.

Why should we so disturb our Minds

About the various Scenes of Death;

Or by what method Fate designs

To make us render up our Breath?

How doth it serve the use of Life

To know the limits of our State?

Less curious Minds are less at strife,

Foreknowing not the time of Fate.

The Eleventh Ode of the first Book, To us  
Live freely whilst thy Hours do last,

'Tis Wisdom in so short a space:

Forget the Pleasures that are past,

Nor hopes of longer life embrace.

Whilst we are talking, envious Time

Is far advanc'd upon the Wing.

Enjoy to Day without a Crime,

Nor think of what the next will bring.

---

To Aurelia.

Since, fair *Aurelia*, you alone

Have gain'd an Empire o'er my Heart;

A Heart, that us'd to be so prone

To change, defying Cupid's Art.

What compensation will you make

For giving me Love's restless Pains?

Am I so Mad that you thus take

Such care to Rivet me in Chains?

Your

Your Shape, your Meen, and snowy Arms,

Display their Beauties to my cost:

Believe me, you had need have Charms

To recompense my Freedom lost.

Yet Shapes sure I have seen elsewhere,

That some Comparison might hold;

And Arms by Nature turn'd as Rare,

And form'd of full as white a Mould.

But for the Meen, where thousand Airs

In graceful, easie Motions rise:

Where *Venus* in each Smile appears,

And *Juno's* Grandeur in your Eyes.

There lies the Magick Spell, whose Charm

Doth all my boasted strength o'erthrow;

In vain, alas! I would alarm

My baffled Sense to ward the blow.

At every Turn we meet a Grace,

In ev'ry Glance a Beam so bright,

In you no mortal Form we trace,

But think of Worship at your Sight,

Thus arm'd, you want no Arts to bind

The most unfix'd and ranging Soul;

Such Native Charms in you we find,

As all our loose Efforts control.

But when you add to this fair heap

Agreeing Humour, sprightly Wit,

You Monarchs for your Slaves might keep,

Whilst They would Triumph to submit.

### *A Lyrick of Cornelius Gallus.*

**F**air *Lydia*, my soft delight,

As Roses sweet, as Lillies white;

Modest as untouch'd Virgins be,

And Smooth as polish'd Ivory.

Let loose thy golden Locks of Hair,

Cupid and all his Train are there ;

With what a free, becoming Grace

They spread around that beauteous Face,

Ye Gods ! behold her shining Eyes,

Say, have ye brighter in your Skies ?

Or can the Colours in your Bow

Match Those which on her Village grow ?

Those Coral Lips, oh ! let me Kiss,

That I may taste Celestial Bliss.

No sadness can ere touch my Heart,

Whilst I partake so lost a part.

O ! hide that lovely panting Breast,

That robs my Soul of all its rest :

Or else, my Goddess, let me share

That Luxury of Whiteness there.

Why dost thou draw my vital Blood ?

See, *Lydia*, see the purple Flood,

O save

O save me from approaching Death !

One Touch of thine Restores my Breath:

To Mr. Dryden.

*Upon occasion of his fine Pindarick Ode  
for St. Cecilia's Day, 1697.*

*In imitation of Hor. Pindarum quisquis, &c. M.*

I.  
**T**HE Man, who dares attempt to fly  
With *Pindar's* Wings, and so to reach the Sky,  
Presuming on his fancy'd skill ;  
In vain he thinks to dignifie his Name,  
In vain he soars aloft to Fame,  
And scorns an humble Stile,  
See how the wanton in his flight,  
The middle Air disdains,  
Till now grown giddy with his height,  
He tumbles Headlong in our sight  
Upon the flighted Plains.

*Pindar*

*Pindar* is like a River swell'd

With sudden Show'rs of hasty Rain,  
That Roaring pours along the Field  
Down from a Mountains Top, which Nothing can re-  
(strain.

2.

Whether he exalts his Song  
With new invented Words, which grace  
A bold Enthusiastick pace,  
And in unbounded Verse is born along:  
Or if the potent Gods he Sings,  
Or mighty Acts of Godlike Kings,  
He still deserves superiour Praise,  
And all Mankind unites to Crown his Head with Bays.

3.

Or if he chuses to Relate  
The publick Sports, or Battels celebrate:  
Or some brave Youth's untimely End,  
In Numbers such as may with Death contend,

His

His Verse in so divine a strain  
 Sets forth the Hero's Praise;  
 The weeping Spouse forgets her Pain,  
 And listens to his Lays.  
 With Joy she sees her Husband's brows  
 Adorn'd with everlasting Green :  
 The Laurel's never fading Boughs,  
 The Poet justly gives to the immortal Man.

Thou, *Dryden*, imitat'st his Course,  
 His lofty Numbers, and his sprightly force.

Thou art sufficient found  
 In *Pindar's* Majesty and Sound.

How doth the yielding Air  
 Salute the Motions of thy wide stretcht Wings!

Sure thou art great *Cecilia's* care,

Or some Immortal Sings.

So bold, yet careful is thy part,

Thou need'st no false *Dedalean* Art

To mount Thee to the Skies ;  
 Nor stay'st Thou long in such a dangerous Height,  
 But with a great and decent Flight  
 Thou, *English* Swan, com'st down, and entertain'st our  
 (Eyes.

---

## A S O N G.

*In imitation of Sir John Suckling.*

**W**HY so Coy, yet so desiring,  
 Prithee, why so Coy ?

Ever after Love enquiring,

Yet deniest the Boy ?

Prithee, why so Coy ?

Why so sad, and pensive, *Charlot,*

Prithee, why so sad ?

Will, because you are no Harlot,

Sorrow make you Mad ?

Prithee, why so sad ?

In vain you sigh, in vain you Rave,

This n'er will do it :

Find soon a Husband or a Grave,

You else will Rue it,

Nought else will do it.

*Upon a Friend's asking me what Musick  
was.*

**B**OY, bring an Instrument, and play  
Your softest, and your moving'st Notes;

Let Concord thus to Discord say,

We contraries must join our Votes.

Strange mixture! yet we plainly see

Of Musick such the secrets are,

Concord and Discord must agree,

Or all the Consort's but a Jar.

Catul-

## Catullus to his Mistress. Lyr. 5.

**L**et's live, my *Lesbia*, and still Love,  
 Spite of the Grave, the Old, the Wife:  
 They too like us would Amorous prove,

Had they but Youth to guide their Eyes.

Dull rigid Age will always be

Averse to glowing fond Desires,

Because their languid Minds are free

From Spirits that excite our Fires.

The Sun, when he has made his Course

About the World, can set a while;

And when the Morn requires his force,

He can afford his usual Smile.

But when our Days are ended once,

And all our little Light is gone,

We are for ever banish'd hence,

And endless Night comes rolling on:

Give me a thousand Kisses then,

And add a hundred to the Store;

Whilst I return the same again,

And add to yours a Hundred more.

Nor, *Lesbia*, will we leave off so,

But still kiss on without delay,

Till Millions from our Lips shall flow,

And melt to gentlest Airs away.

Then least we should the Number know

Of Kisses, that no Hour controls:

Or least some envious Mortal go,

And bound the Pleasures of our Souls.

Let us each Day repeat our Joys,

Another Million take and give:

Let us incorporate by choice,

So let us Kiss, so let us live

*The Twenty third Ode of the First Book  
of Hor. Vitas hinnulco, &c.*

**C**hloe, forbear such speed to make,  
Like any frightened Fawn,  
Who seeks her Dam thro' the thick brake;

Then bounds it o'er the Lawn.

Each rustling harmless noise she hears

Makes the poor Wand'rer start;

Each breath of Air creates new fears,

And moves her tender Heart.

The Tyger and the Lion may

Seek only to destroy:

But I pursue my lovely Prey,

That Both may taste of Joy.

Cast off thy groundless fears, and Dream

No more of fancied harms:

In thy grown Age it is a shame

To fly Love's soft alarms:

Come, leave thy Mother, and prepare  
 To taste the Joys of Men:  
 And if thou should'st dislike thy fare,  
 Thou may'st return again.

### Horace's Dialogue.

Hor. **W**hilst I was grateful to thy Arms,  
 And set beyond the rest of Men;  
 Whilst I alone possess'd thy Charms,  
 I did the *Persian* King out shine.

Lyd. Whilst *Horace* lov'd no Woman more  
 Than *Lydia*, but fair *Chloe* less,  
 My own I did prefer before  
 The *Roman Illia's* happiness.

Hor. Now *Chloe* curbs my wandering Eye,  
 And with her Lute dissolves my Mind;  
*Chloe*, for whom I'd choose to dye,  
 If Fate would leave her Soul behind.

*Lyd.* Now *Calais* enjoys my Love,  
 The youthful *Calais* is he,  
 For whom I'd twice a Victim prove,  
 So he might live my Death to see.

*Hor.* What if our first Love should return,  
 And bind us once more to her Yoke,  
 If *Chloe* should receive my scorn,  
 And I fair *Lydia* should revoke.

*Lyd.* Tho' He's more shining than a Star,  
 Thou lighter than the changing Sky,  
 And fierce as savage Tygers are,  
 With Thee I'd live, with Thee I'd dye.

---

A meet Romance, or Idiot's Tale

Where nought but Sound or Lies prevail.

A Box, whose outward Chains invite

The Mind to wonder and Delight;

C 3

To

To a Friend who was going to marry a  
handsom Woman, who consented to it on-  
ly to be reveng'd upon an ungrateful  
Lover.

SURE Cynthia has resistleſs Charms,  
That thus you'd venture to her Arms,  
Can Beauty without force of Love  
Your Sence againſt your Reason move?  
If a proportion'd Face alone  
Can warm your Mind, why then a Stone  
Wrought to a handſom Figure may  
Move too, nor will ſo ſoon decay.  
Prithee, dear Friend, ſeek ſome defence  
Againſt thy wild uſurping Senſe.  
Enjoyment is a tranſient Flower  
That bloſſoms and is gone this Hour,  
A meer Romance, or Ideot's Tale  
Where nought but Sound or Lies prevail.  
A Box, whoſe outward Charms invite  
The Mind to wonder and Delight;

But

But open'd proves the very same  
 That bore, of old, *Pandora's Name*.  
 When once the Secret is your own;  
 The VVonder and Delight are gone.

---

### A Dream.

*Soon after the Death of the famous Musi-*  
*cian Mr. Henry Purcel.*

### To a Friend.

**S**WIFT in a Dream, me thought, I was convey'd  
 By *Purcel's* Spirit to the blissful Shade  
 Of sweet Elysium, by old Poets held  
 The happy seat of all who had excell'd  
 In Vertuous Arts, and trod the Paths of Fame,  
 Whilst yet they liv'd, and fought an endless Name.

Soft was the Region, and serene the Air,  
 Vapours and misty Clouds arise not There.

Sweet was the Soil, adorn'd with choicest Flowers,  
 Cool Grotts, delicious Walks, and fragrant Bow'rs.  
 Fill'd with content, the People of this Clime  
 In Peace and Joy dispose their happy Time.  
 Wing'd with delight I traversed ev'ry Grove,  
 And saw the gay Felicities of Love.  
 Bright Spirits There Celestial pleasures taste,  
 And what compleats their happiness, they Last.  
 The Amorous Nymph, whom vertuous Thoughts inspire  
 Enjoys her VVishes, and renews her Fire ;  
 VVhilst the Chast Youth, still constant to the same,  
 Meets her Embraces with as pure a Flame.  
 Heroes and King that dy'd in vertue's Cause,  
 Preserve their Greatness and receive Applause.  
 Each Life well spent, in nothing found remiss,  
 Shares in these happy Fields an endless Bliss.  
 Transported with the happy Scenes I view'd,  
 The Spirit drew me to his own Abode.  
 Here might be seen a Bright, Harmonious Quire,  
 Such whom Apollo's self did once inspire.

Distinguish'd from the rest great *Jubal* sat,  
 In all the high Magnificence of State.  
 To Him, as the Inventor of their Lays  
 The Spirits bow'd, and offer'd tuneful Praise.  
*Cecilia* next their Harmony invites,  
 The Patroness of Musick's soft Delights.  
*Orpheus*, *Amphion*, and the ancient Train  
 Of Bards, who with their Harps could soften Pain,  
 Enliven Stones, and make the Forests move,  
 In warbling Notes were eccho'd thro' the Grove,

But of all Moderns that were yet arriv'd  
 In those blest Shades, whom Nature had contriv'd  
 With Minds proportion'd to advance the Art  
 Of Musick, and its Wonders to impart.

In all their well-tun'd Praises none were found  
 So Skilful, so Harmonious, so Renown'd,  
 As *Laws* and *Pyrcel* in the Art of Sound.

*Laws*, whom the best of *English* Poets sings,  
 And with him mounts aloft upon Fame's Wings.

Ohad the Poet liv'd to see the Days  
 Of *Purcel's* Triumph in his matchless Lays:  
 How had he rais'd new Trophies to His Name,  
 And giv'n the Last Preeminence of Fame.  
*Purcel*, the Joy and Wonder of his Time;  
*Purcel*, the darling of th'Elysian Clime!  
 So vast his Genius was, so True his Skill,  
 All Musick's Force depended on his VWill.  
 In no preceding Time was ever found  
 More sweet, more various, more Majestick sound:  
 And oh! I fear no future will impart  
 A Soul so fitted for the Godlike Art,

These were the Subjects of the vocal Quire,  
 VWhilst the soft Lute, sweet Hautboy, sounding Lyre,  
 The Viol and the Trumpet join their Notes,  
 And the loud *Chorus* lift their tuneful Throats  
 To make a Symphony, that should appear,  
 VVorthy those Hero's that inhabit here.

Wak'd with the fancy'd sound I left my Bed,  
 Whilst more than mortal Airs still flourish'd in my Head.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the Dream, and urg'd by your Command,  
 I soon invoc'd my Muse and begg'd her Hand;  
 By such obedience owning what is due  
 To *Purcell's* Fame, the Muse's aid, and You.

To Mr. *Congreve*.

Upon his Tragedy call'd, The Mourning  
 Bride.

AS when some stately Fabrick we behold,  
 Whose just proportions in each part unfold  
 A Master's VVorkmanship, whose artful Hand  
 Our Praise and Wonder doth at once command:  
 With raviſh'd Eyes we view the noble Frame,  
 And o'er its lofty Towers advance its Fame.  
 So here with equal transport of Delight  
 We ſee thy Play, where ſtrength and Grace unite  
 Nature and Art in ev'ry Scene combine,  
 And Order ſpreads throughout to make the whole Divine,

Sure *Sol* himſelf, collected in his Light,

Shot thro' thy Breſt to make Thee ſhine ſo bright:

What

What else can All This Elevation mean,  
This wondrous Fire, and each surprizing Scene?

*Shakespeare* of old, whom Nature did inspire,  
Nor surly *Ben* with all his labour'd Fire

Out do Thy Work, whose just and native Flame  
With such proportion mix'd, has match'd their Fame.  
Nor can succeeding Wits with all their Art

Disclose a fairer Light, or deeper Skill impart,

Thy Comick labours had before reveal'd

A wondrous growth in that long barren Field.

This was enough for Fame, nor could we hope

Thy ripen'd VVit would take a wider Scope.

But you disdaining to be thus confin'd,

VVhen Judgment prompted, and the Muse was kind,

Have here display'd such bright, Celestial Fire,

As none could e'er exceed, and Ages shall admire.

*Aurelia singing upon the Water.*

**S**erene and gentle was the Air,  
 When happy *Thames* convey'd my Fair;  
 The Sun in all his Glory was,  
 O'erjoy'd to see the Beauty pass.  
 The Silver Swans came swimming round  
 The Boat, attending to the Sound.  
 The rolling Waves in Crowds appear,  
 And in their turns succeed to hear.  
 The Fishes by her Voice alarm'd,  
 Ascend to listen, and are charm'd.  
 The Birds, whose Empire is above,  
 Come down, and learn to sing of Love.  
 Love is her Theme, that powerful God,  
 That Rules whole Kingdoms with a Nod.  
 The little Tyrant, that defies  
 The World, without the help of Eyes.

Blind

Blind as He is He can subdue

The Strong and the Quick-sighted too

*Upon the same, walking in the Mall with  
two Ladies.*

**N**OT Ida's Goddesses of old,  
Contending could more Charms unfold,

When *Paris* by their joint Applause

Was made the Judge of Beauty's Cause,

Then these three Fair ones, whom we see

United thus in Company.

All Eyes confess their wondrous Charms,

And at each sight take fresh Alarms.

The Mall in one continu'd Train

Pursues their Steps, and is in Pain

Till the kind Limits, that ensue,

Oblige All with a Rurning View.

But as in *Ida's* Mount befell,

When the slow Judge did late reveal

That

That *Venus* was most charming Fair,  
 Assigning th'Apple to her Share:  
 So here tho' each of these is found  
 In Beauty and in Grace renown'd,  
 Yet bright *Aurelia* of the Three  
 Deserves the Just Supremacy.

---

To Dr. Gibbons.

**A**S when the Sun, after a tedious Night  
 Begins to spread his radiant Beams of Light,  
 Benighted Travellers wandring from their way,  
 With eager Joy salute the guiding Day:  
 Such is the welcome which Thy Presence gains  
 From those who languish under greivous Pains.  
 Such are Thy Remedies, so Fir, so Sure,  
 Once Taken they scarce fail to work a Cure.  
 Thy very Fame, establish'd on thy Art,  
 Stops flying Life a while, which else would sooner Part

Thou know'st what Simples do in Fields abound,  
 And all the Juices, which in Plants are found.  
 From the low Shrub to lofty Cedar Thou  
 Canst Tell the Vertues of all Trees that grow:  
 Hence, as occasion serves, You wisely draw  
 Such Terrors, as shall keep Disease in awe.

Doth liquid Dropsy, like a rapid Flood,  
 Diffuse its Poison thro' Thy Patients Blood?  
 The Physick You Prescribe has such a Force,  
 It soon allays the Tide, then stops its Course.

Or i'th the Stone, That most outrageous Foe,  
 That's always seeking to Condense and Grow?  
 Thy Medicines, the Result of matchless Skill,  
 Dissolve and vanquish the Petrifick Ill:  
 VVhich for a while its forc'd expulsion Mourns,  
 But n'er like That of *Sisyphus* Returns.

Or doth an Ague, That fantastick Fiend,  
 Cloath'd in all shapes, and changing as the VVind;

VVhich

Convulse whole Bodies, when its Humour serves,  
 Then seem to part, but still more Fits reserves:  
 Thou hast an Art to drive Him from his Throne,  
 And Wast His Empire to set up Thy own.

Do Bodies languish with a Feaver's Rage?  
 You by degrees the burning Heat assuage.  
 The Foe, that scatter'd the contagious Fire,  
 Soon feels Your Power, and feeling must retire.

Sure some kind Star its Influence sent down,  
 When first You were conducted to this Town.  
 Justly at *Oxford*, where You gain'd your Art,  
 You for a time its Wonders did impart,  
 Till *Iſis*, tender of her Daughters Fame,  
 Remov'd Thee here, and soon enlarg'd Thy Name.

Nor art Thou only to This Science bound,  
 In Thee *Apollo's* gentler Arts are found.  
 Thou know'st the Muses, and canst see their Doom,  
 Thou art too polish'd to refuse Them room.

Led by Thy Counsel Both Professions shine,  
 Thine are the Poets, the Physicians Thine.  
 So *Phæbus* self, presiding o'er Both Arts,  
 Propitious Aid to Both alike imparts.

What now remains for Thee to wish, my Friend,  
 Who know'st all Learning's Progress, and true End?  
 Thy Character on such Foundations laid,  
 Stands in full height, nor fears to be decay'd.

No Predecessor's Worth can e'er presume  
 To have Thy Merits writ upon his Tomb.  
 By strong and daily Proofs in Thee we find  
 Experience, Learning, and Success are joyn'd.  
 Above the greatest Dead, the First alive  
 In Thy great Art, no Greater e'er shall Live.

Upon

*Upon a Fine Woman a sleep.*

**G**azing I was, and with attentive Eye  
View'd every Charm that friendly Sleep disclos'd:  
Unsatisfy'd with what I could descry,

I still drew nearer to the Bright expos'd.

One Arm bore up her gently-bending Head,  
Where all the Graces negligently met:

Cupid and all his Loves most sweetly play'd

Upon her Breasts, which seem'd due Time to beat

The other Arm upon the Bed was cast,

White as unmelted Snow, as 'twere to guard

The Golden Fruit just ripe for human Taste,

Which was from Sight, but not from Fancy barr'd:

As near as Silence durst approach I view'd,

And saw her Bosom quite extended bare:

Confounded with pure Exrasy I stood  
To see the Pantings and the Movings there!

Those Hills of Love, where thousand Lillies grow,  
 Just fit for Hands to press, Eyes to admire,  
 Swell'd o'er the dainty Field of naked Snow,  
 And kindled in my Breast a raging Fire.

But Oh! what Heart e'er Thought, or Tongue express  
 The Transports that o'erwhelm'd my ravish'd Soul,  
 When the Hot Nymy with Dreams of Love possesst,  
 Tumbling \_\_\_\_\_.

---

*To a Lady, who desir'd my Friendly  
 Love.*

**M**Y Friendship, yes! you shall have more:  
 Still do I Languish, Sigh, Adore.

Alas! no force will e'er remove  
 The deep Foundations of my Love.

No: tho' the Man who doth possess

Unmeasur'd Stores of mighty Bliss,

Unworthy of his happy Fate,  
 Seems to repent his Married State;  
 Yet I, my injur'd Beauty, dare  
 Still covet his neglected share.

Gods! that a Man who doth embrace  
 An Angel in her Shape and Face :  
 Who did a wise *Minerva* Wed,  
 And folds a *Venus* in his Bed,  
 Should ever wish to be again  
 A poor, imperfect, single Man !

But let Him of his Heav'n complain,  
 Nor strive to ease him of his Pain.  
 The Miser in his boundless Store  
 Unsatisfy'd, is always Poor.  
 And tho' just Reason doth unfold  
 The vain Idolatry of Gold,  
 His Mind is so corrupted grown,  
 That all he must engross, or none.  
 So here the Wretch, with Beauty blest,  
 Such as inflames the coldest Breast,

Uneasy with his Portion flies  
 At large, to shun her brighter Eyes,  
 Then why should Women, thus forlorn,  
 Abus'd, and made their Husband's scorn,  
 Tame and unfeeling bear that Yoke  
 Which first the Men unjustly broke?  
 Thus, Madam, you may see that Fire  
 Which Love and Reason do inspire:  
 Think then, and in your Misery  
 Let Love and Reason plead for me.

*To one who was going to Law.*

**W**hat, art Thou mad thus to despise  
 Money, that makes rank Coxcombs Wife?  
 Or dost Thou so delight in Strife,  
 To Court and choose a wrangling Life?  
 Thou little know'st what dang'rous Shelf  
 Thou hast prepar'd to wrack Thy self,  
 The Law's a Bush, to which the Sheep  
 In Weather for Defence doth creep:

But e're he can obtain release,  
 Must leave behind part of his Fleece.  
 Seek all the Benches in the Hall,  
 And bring Thy Cause before them All:  
 Get final Verdicts and Decrees,  
 And walk in Law up to the Knees.  
 Let Equity confirm the Lot  
 Of Justice, Thou at Law hast got.  
 Yet after all, Thou may'st be Cast  
 Among the noble Peers at last.

Besides it often comes to pass  
 Thro' This Man's Fees, and That's delays,  
 The charge of this litigious War  
 Exceeds the Thing contended for.  
 Then whether Thou hast Lost or Won,  
 My Friend, thou'rt equally undone.

One Day, as I have somewhere Read,  
 Two Trav'lers early left their Bed,  
 And as They had not eat That Day,  
 They Both grew Hungry on the Way.

Strait there appears upon the Shore  
 A single Oyſter, and no more.  
 Both for the Prize conteſted high,  
 When Juſtice with her Scales paſt by?  
 By turns they ſoon explain the Caſe,  
 With utmoſt Eloquence and Grace;  
 Submit the Point to her Wiſe Laws,  
 And ſtrive with Fees to gain their Cauſe.

Juſtice, whoſe care was to decree  
 The Thing as fairly as could be,  
 Demands the Oyſter, which being giv'n,  
 She ſoon contrives to make All even.  
 And now She opens with due ſpeed  
 The Cauſe which had the Quarrel bred:  
 Then handſomly, as Heart could Wiſh,  
 She ſwallows the conteſted Fiſh;  
 Which done, ſhe gave to each a Shell,  
 And ſaid, Sirs, Live in Peace, Farewel.

To Lucinda.

THE Vows *Aurelia* can't accept,

Let fair *Lucinda* not reject.

'Tis not for want of being true,

That I am come from Her to You.

Inconstancy is not my part,

Mine is a solid, faithful Heart.

A happier Lover had before

Contracted for the Golden Ore.

Yet I, altho' I came too late,

Must love her still in spite of Fate.

VWhich with a sure effect to do,

From her I bring my Vows to You.

For Y're so Like in every thing,

Spring doth not more resemble Spring.

If her bright Eyes create Desire,

Yours kindle full as warm a Fire.

Her charming Shape and snowy Arms,

Rais'd, I confess, no small alarms,

But

But then if we compare Them right,  
Yours are as Charming and as White.

I own in Her I still admir'd  
A Humour that my Soul inspir'd,  
Her VVit too sparkled with such ease  
Its Least Advantage was to Please,  
And yet Your Humour and Your VVit,  
As much Engage, as much Delight.

In such a Change what Power above  
Can tax my Constancy or Love;  
VWhen I so freely give my Heart  
To bright *Aurelia's* Counterpart.  
O do not my Request deny,  
Yours let me live, Yours let me dye;  
So shall my Vows to each be true,  
Since both my Loves unite in You,

*In*  
Her charming shape and snowy Arms  
Your kindle full as warm a Fire  
If her bright Eyes create Desire  
Kiss, I console, no small alarms

To Mr. Betterton.

*In Mourning.*

**M**ourning that suits not with each Face,  
 Doth but improve Your Air and Grace,  
 Those VVeeds, which are to Sorrow due,  
 Raise a fresh Joy, thus worn by You.  
 In such becoming grief was seen  
 Fair *Grafton* for our matchless Queen.  
 So *Venus* look'd, when all her Pride  
 VVith her belov'd *Adonis* dy'd.  
 Such charms in gloomy sadness are,  
 Your Black presents You but more Fair.  
 So at some Visit have I seen  
 A Dame of comely Face and Mien,  
 Appear more lovely by the Side  
 Of an ill-Favour'd Country Bride.  
 But so unequal is Your Case,  
 And so surpassing is Your Face,  
 That what Your Native Beauty gains,  
 The other by her foil obtains.

To Mr. Betterton.

*Acting Oedipus King of Thebes.*

**A**S when at *Windsor*, by the Sovereign call'd,  
 Our late fair Hope Young *Gloc'ſter* was Install'd  
 Knight of That Order, to which Kings aspire,  
 As next their Crown moſt worthy of Deſire.  
 Beauty's unnumbred Train did there reſort,  
 The Nobleſt Pomp and Splendor of a Court.  
 Nature That Day conſpir'd with Art to ſhew  
 Bright Heav'n's Reſemblance to our Eyes below.  
 The fair *Lucinda*, full of charming Grace,  
 Seraphick in her Mind as in Her Face,  
 In Beauty's Circle had the foremoſt Place.

So Thou, amidſt the reſt of Them who ſhine  
 Within their ſeveral Parts, and heighten Thine,  
 Art ſo Diſtinguiſh'd here, that VVe arrive  
 Almoſt to think the Hero's ſelf alive.  
 Your Action, like That Beauty's pow'rful Art,  
 Commands each Eye, and conquers ev'ry Heart.

Good

Good Players, like good Wine, our Souls engage,  
 And equally the Spleen of Life assuage.  
 Others in Action may their Merit claim,  
 Just to some Parts, and be ally'd to Fame :  
 But to surpass in a Supreme Degree  
 In ev'ry Part, belongs to none but Thee.

Our Neighbour *France*, to give each Land its Right,  
 Excells in all the Luxury of Sight.

Arts are by her Inventions still improv'd,  
 At home Rewarded, and abroad Belov'd.

Amongst the rest the Patterns of her Stage,  
 Have sometimes serv'd to guide the Copying Age.

Our Countrymen, in Imitation First,  
 Greedy of Praise, but to our Neighbours Just,  
 Have own'd Her Title, and from thence deriv'd  
 Those Artful Copys, which Her Skill contriv'd.

But least such Patterns, like a Marble Form,  
 Should want a Soul, their Motions to inform,  
 They sought Thy Aid, whose Genius could control  
 Each rude Machine, and cultivate the Whole.

So that our Stage, by Thy Appointment drest,  
Surpasses most, and Emulates the Best.

Live then, and still oblige a grateful Age,  
That fav'ring Merit will support Thy Stage.  
No Triflers here their Follies should proclaim,  
The Stage depends upon the Writer's Fame.  
Thy Judgment, clear as is the Brightest Morn,  
Rejects the Chaff, distinguishing the Corn.  
Thus by Thy Care the Well-pleas'd Audience finds,  
That Wit and Art shall entertain their Minds.

*Part of the Sixteenth Elegy of the third Book  
of Propertius to Bacchus.*

**N**OW, Bacchus, to Thy Altar I am come,  
And beg a prosperous Gale to waft me home.  
Thou hast a Cure for ev'ry proud Disdain,  
Thy Physick will assuage each smearing Pain.  
Fond Lovers by Thy Influence are joyn'd,  
And urg'd by Thee, again their Freedom find.

Exert

Exert Thy Power, and my Sick Soul set free  
From haughty Love's tormenting Malady.

Thou know'st the Feavers of the Lover's State,  
For *Ariadne* could the same create.

Death only, or Thy Bowl can prove a Cure  
For all the raging Pains which I endure.

Each Sober Night torments my empty Breast,  
And turns of Hope and Fears suspend my Rest.

But if thro' Thee my Thoughts I can compose,  
And Sleep succeeds to give my Mind repose,

Then will I plant a store of tender Vines,

And watch the growth of their well order'd Lines,

Least rav'nous Wolves, or other Beasts of Prey,

Should waft my Vineyard, as They roam that Way.

Thus will I keep my Cellars fill'd with Wine,

And each new Day shall more confirm me Thine.

Inspir'd by Thee I'll write Thy lasting Praise,

And pass in Mirth the Remnant of my Days.

## To Mr. ----- at Oxford.

SInce you so often do invite  
 A Pen that should decline to Write ;  
 For 'tis, my Friend, a dangerous Trade,  
 Which none should use but who are made  
 By Nature Happy in good Sense,  
 And to perform with Excellence.  
 For tho' most Men who aim at Wit,  
 Or VVrite, or censure what is VVrit,  
 Yet in the VVriter still we find  
 The hardest task, in him are joyn'd  
 More hazard, and more toil of Mind.

A Man may judge of what he sees,  
 And may recant it when he please,  
 But if he comes to print his Sense,  
 Dull Lines admit of no Defence.

The Preface done, 'tis time to shew  
 The Business I pretend with You.  
 And here my Friendly Muse sends down  
 An Invitation to the Town.

'Tis time Your College Life to quit,

Be not for Logick only fit,

Your Country and Your Friends require

Your Counsel, and Your active Fire.

Let Wretches of low Destiny

With such a stupid Life agree :

Guide their whole Course by College Rules;

And useless Learning of the Schools.

Come Thou to Town, where each Day brings

The Knowledge both of Men and Things.

Here Theory and Practice joyn'd,

At once inform and grace the Mind.

In one Day's compass You may know

The Wits that in our Climate grow,

Whom Young Oxonians envy so.

Here You may meet with some, whose Fame

Consists in nothing but the Name.

A Superficial Herd, whose Time

Is spent in Quibble, Punn, and Rhime.

But should a Stranger interfere,

And Sence to useless Chat prefer,

They dart their blunted points of Wit,  
Which as They Wound not, fail to hit,  
And in their Noise collected sit.

Or would You rather hear Debate  
Of mighty Policies of State?

At honest *Tom's* or *Manwaring's*

They Talk such Grave and useful Things,

That on a sudden You are grown

A Statesman, and carest'd in Town.

Or should You choose a Lawyer's Life,  
And lead Your Days in gainful Strife?

Repair to *Westminster* and hear

S—— bawl at the litigious Bar,

You know the Trade, thus in a trice

You may be Rich, and counted Wise.

Or had You rather write a Play,

And prove a Wit the quickest way?

Resort to *Will's*, and there you'll meet

Your Brethren all of Rhime and Feet.

Some there can teach You in an Hour

The wonders of Dramatick Pow'r:

How to grow Rich by making Plays,

Such as no candid Judge can praise:

No matter, so the Pence You raise.

Make but Your Lovers Whine and Dye,

The Criticks Rage You may defy.

So have I seen within a Barn

A Canting Pulpit-beater warm

The Congregation with his Cry,

To shew the Penance of their Eyes.

Thus, Sir, You see the wondrous Arts

For Rising that our Town imparts

In vain You think to fix Your Name

Within the proud Records of Fame,

By poring over Books, that will

No settled Rules for Life reveal:

Your Schoolmen and Your Classics shew

Less than by Practice here we know,

And Languages are but the Chest

Where Wisdom lies conceal'd; as best;

And He, who would unlock the Store,  
 Must know the VWorld to find the Ore.  
 All human Learning must abide  
 VWithout esteem, unless apply'd.

---

*To Lucinda playing upon the Harpsychord,  
 and Singing to it.*

**W**Hen once the well-tun'd Instrument You touch,  
 You cannot Play, nor we attend too much.  
 Soft, moving Airs about Your Fingers throng,  
 And beg the Grace to wait upon Your Song.  
 The ready stops, rejoycing at Your Call,  
 In regular Proportions rise and fall.  
 And well they may, since every Ravish'd Ear  
 VWith wonder listning could for ever hear.  
 VWith such an Art the tuneful Bard of old  
 Made Forests dance, and ev'ry Beast control'd:  
 VWhilst others by the same propitious Aid  
 Brought Stones in Order, and whole Cities lay'd.

Such

Such was its ancient Pow'r, and yet we view  
 Still greater Proofs of its effect in You.  
 For where *Ambrosion* only did command  
 The willing Stones by his attractive Hand:  
 You by the force of more prevailing Skill,  
 Can turn Mankind to Stone against their Will.

To the same.

*Engaging her Affections to me.*

When I, by young *Lisano's* Care,  
 Receiv'd the Letter of my Fair:

With doubting Eyes I view'd the Seal,

Whose Rupture could my Fate reveal.

There represented with his Dart,

*Cupid* had newly peirc'd a Heart.

But whether This for me was meant,

Or else to undeceive me sent

Intended for some Happier Swain;  
 Still doubting I renew'd my Pain.  
 Long was it e're I could persuade  
 My trembling Fingers to my Aid.  
 For one Extreme the Lines must bear  
 VVithin, or Transport, or Despair.

In this suspense 'twixt Hope and Fear,  
 I broke it, but was n'er the Near.  
 For what my raising Hope inspir'd,  
 Depressing Fear left unenquir'd.

In such a dire Necessity,  
 The God of Love by Chance was by,  
 And taking pity on my Pain,  
 Suggested that my Fear was vain.  
 Strait by his Counsel I resume  
 The Courage to enquire my Doom.

The gentle Paper open'd yields  
 The Luxury of Vernal Fields.

The VVords so Choice, so new, so fit,

Bring each fair Flower to my Sight.

The Stile so graceful, yet so free,

Discloſes their variety.

The Sense so equal and so true

Betrays their Order to my View.

But as fine Meads, or handſom Flowers

Seem faireſt when the Land is Ours.

So where Your Promise ſtrikes my Sense,

There lies the Letter's Quinteſſence.

E 4

To

To Robert Knight Esq;

In Answer to his Verses He sent me upon  
a fair Lady's Japanning his Snuff-Box,  
upon which She had finely painted a  
Basket of Flowers.

Great is her Praise, I do confess,  
Who such fine Colours draws:

But sure the Numbers You express

In such an artful, easy dress

Deserve too Their Applause.

When Nanteuil drew the Face of \* One      \* Madam Scudery

Whose Vir could match His Art :

Those Beauties which she would not own

In Glass, she lov'd to look upon

In the well-painted part.

*Je bai mes Yeux dans mon Miroir.  
Je les aime dans son Ouvrage.*

So Yours, tho' Modest as she's Fair,

And all her Skill denies:

Yet when she sees her VVork appear

So Beauteous and so lively here,

She must believe her Eyes.

*Apelles* did with wondrous Art

The greedy Birds deceive:

But here the Lady doth impart

More Skill, for she of every Heart

Doth poor Mankind bereave.

This Justice paid to her, yet still

More Praise belongs to You:

Your VVit not only doth reveal

Her conquest o'er each human VVill,

But gains the Lady too.

To

To Mr. *Bele*.

**S**ince our two Muses are so near Ally'd,  
 That Speech alone the difference may decide;  
 Mine thought it not amiss in her Pursuit  
 Of Arts, to give her Sister a Salute.  
 As Mine's the Elder She has good pretence  
 To give Advice, I hope without Offence.

Priority of Birth is plainly shewn,  
 For sacred Verse in Paradise was known.  
 Hymns were invented in those happy Days,  
 And sung to the immense Creator's Praise  
 By the first Pair, before they tasted Sin,  
 And felt the Shocks of Hope and Fear within,

The Painter Muse in *Egypt* first appear'd,  
 But wanted Vigour to become Admir'd:  
 Till Travelling first to *Greece*, at length attain'd  
 A perfect Height, when *Alexander* Reign'd.

Thus

Thus Great it lasted till *Augustus* sway,  
And then the pleasing Prospect sunk away.

In *Trajan's* Reign again 'twas seen to Live,  
And to its ancient Lustre did arrive :  
Till Barb'rous Vice, prevailing o'er the Arts,  
Diffus'd its Poison thro' the Muses Hearts.  
Again it fell, such was the Pencil's Doom,  
And sad effects of VVar supply'd its room.

Thus quite extinguish'd by the Rage of Those  
VWho knew no Laws, no Manners, no Repose :  
Long did it lye forsaken and Supine,  
Its ruin'd Mass no Soul was found to join.  
*Raphael* at last, a Mighty Genius, came,  
And gathering all its Parts restor'd its frame.

Now did the VWorld with Emulation strive,  
And labour'd long to keep the Art alive.  
Hence Painters came with different parts endu'd,  
One had his Colours, This Design pursu'd,

A Third for deep Invention was most fam'd,  
*Apelles* all the Godlike talents claim'd.

In imitation Thy chief Cares bestow  
 On *Urbino*, *Titian*, and great *Angelo*.

Their Peices are of Modern Paintings best,  
 Draw after Them, and Thou'lt outvye the rest.

Invention is that part which *Urbino* claim'd,

But *Titian* was in Colouring most fam'd,

Set *Angelo* before Thee for Design,

Observe him well, and strive to make him Thine.

Take Nature for Thy Mistress, let no Force

Be seen throughout Thy Pencil's various Course.

That Genius, which by Nature Thou hast gain'd,

Improve with Art, but let not Art be strain'd.

So *Ryley* painted, and so *Virgil* wrote,

May excellence like Theirs become Thy Lot.

Let not the Foreign Painters all engross,

Their VVork is oft neglected, faint and loose.

Proud

Proud of success, their Industry They spare,  
 And make a flatt'ring Likeness all their Care.  
 But 'tis so weakly wrought, we soon descry  
 The Colours fade, and all the Visage dye.

Our Country sure with laziness is curst,  
 Else why in Fame are Strangers still the First?  
 Or some dire Planet o'er the Climate Reigns,  
 Checks our Attempts, and baffles all our Pains.  
 Else might we see strong Labours of our own,  
 And *English* Artists on the Painter's Throne.

Thy VVorks, my Friend, deserve our kind regard,  
 And *England* should a Native's Skill reward.  
 Thy Draughts are ever like, where Nature joins  
 VVith graceful Art, and true Proportion shines.  
 And to each skilful Eye Thy Colours are  
 Lively and strong, and mix'd with artful Care.  
 Thus by Thy Pains old Friendships never Dye,  
 VVhilst Thy Resembling Faces court the Eye.

*A Satyr to a Friend.*

**Y**Our last command, dear Friend, had so much  
(Pow'r,

That I took Pen and Paper the same Hour,  
And urg'd my weak endeavours to succeed  
In answering what You there intreat with speed.

As to the Method You'll excuse my Verse,  
I hope 'twill be the last I shall rehearse.

But if by some ill chance again You find

The Rhiming Devil still possess my Mind,

Check Your displeasure, for the Fiend will prove

But more insulting for Your want of Love.

Mov'd as he is with an impetuous Soul,

He knows no bounds, and suffers no control.

But still persisting finds as many Ways

As *Proteus* to deceive, and shift his place.

He must be lull'd and sooth'd with gentle Art,

Not *Aristaus* Chains must bind his Heart.

'Tis vain to counsel Authors once Bemus'd,  
 VVe Poets soon conceive that we're abus'd.  
 'Tis Fate must change us, as 'twas Fate that bent  
 Our Minds to VVhite, to Rave, and be in Print.  
 Happy are You in your fine Country-Seat,  
 VVhere all the Gifts of Art and Nature meet:  
 Enjoying peaceful Thoughts and Smiling Hours,  
 Sweet Gardens, pleasant Groves, delightful Bow'rs  
 And That which most exalts your blissful State,  
 The Plague of VVriting doth not prove Your Fate.  
 How might we thrive in any other Trade!!  
 But if attempting Verse we are grown Mad,  
 Deaf to all Mercy, Heav'n and Earth conspire  
 To waft poor Poets in their proper Fire.

But to the purpose, You desire to know  
 VVhat News we have in Town, and how things go,  
 VVhether it's thought th'Attainder will be past,  
 And if Sir F——k will be hang'd at last.  
 Much thanks I give You for this last intent,  
 But, Sir, I never meddle with Parliament.

For

For know, th'Observance to my self I pay,  
 Is far too great to make me Sin that way.  
 Of honest Freedom I conceive so much,  
 VVere I i'th'House, tho' Lame and with a Crutch,  
 I would not speak a VVord, unless 'twere *Dutch*,  
 You must excuse me when You come to see  
 Unanswer'd what concerns our Liberty.  
 For should I once attempt that way to VVrite,  
 My Satyr's Sting would its own Author bite,  
 No : tho' Humility's a thing I prize,  
 I would not still be forc'd upon my Knees,  
 Intreating Pardon for perhaps no Fault,  
 And paying publick Fees for private Thought.

For other News, such as we have You may  
 Command, my Friend I shall with Joy obey.  
 But Censure sting me, if the Muse can find  
 In this dull Town Diversion for Your Mind.  
 Unless You'd hear of Fifty Cuffs between  
 Extreame of *Gallick* Noise, and *English* Spleen.

Or of vain Women that attempt to write  
 Before they learn to Spell, as if in spite  
 To our dull Sex They scorn'd their female Arts;  
 And wild with Pride would act more manly Parts.  
 But to be just, we must except with Care  
 Our new *Orinda*, VVitty, Good and Fair:

Or would you know some Scriblers of this Place,  
 VVhose lumpish fancy can translate with grace:  
 VVho n'er ascended yet above Lampoon,  
 And in such Ebbs have got a low Renown:  
 VVhose VVit, if such, is of a make so gross,  
 That all it can compose is Scurrilous.  
 If you Like such diversion, I can send  
 Some Instances that would oblige my Friend:

But since with Them I'm grown a writing Ass;  
 One Story I Remember must not pass.  
 One Night where I was visiting of late,  
 Comes a young Lawyer, full with News of State.

A supple, cringing Slave, yet loud and Vain,  
Himself the Object of his senseless Brain.

Sir, says A Lady, you'll inform us how  
Things go abroad, we wish'd for you but now.

VVhat News of F——? Come, your Stock impart  
Doth not Report already make him smart?

O Madam, says Indenture with a Hum,  
To make all Ears attentive in the Room,

Sir John, I'll warrant, will be Stigmatiz'd  
With Infamy: Great Peril is compriz'd

In the last Votes, which have ordain'd a Bill  
T'attain *His* for his undermining Guile.

Good God! thought I, what Prodigy is here,  
VVhat VVords are these for a soft Lady's Ear!

Sir, says the Lady, are not you surpriz'd  
To find his VVeakness, sure He's much despis'd.

Yes, reply'd He, and so is all the Town,  
For He's a Man of no *Admire* Renown,

Of great Urbanity, Courage, Address:  
VVhatere He is, thought I, Thou art an Ass.

VVell, to be rid of such Pedantick Stuff,  
 VVe chang'd the Talk, and brought in Fan and Muff.  
 I hear, said I, that none but *Indian Fans*  
 VVill shortly, Ladys, entertain your Hands.  
 Great Numbers are come over to invite  
 Your different Fancies, and oblige the Sight.  
 I am o'erjoy'd, says one, that we shall see  
 Of Mody Fans so great variety:  
 Such pretty, odd, new Figures, that one may  
 In buying One pass many Hours away.  
 Besides the Colours are more lasting There:  
 Yes, says my spark, more *Permanent and Rare*.  
 Nay then, said I, I find I must be gone,  
 Or I shall lose all Patience here anon.  
 But pray, said He, what Reason, Ladys, can  
 Move you to wear together Muff and Fan?  
 Are they not Things whose proper use demands  
 The first its Winter to defend your Hands  
 From Cold, the last to qualify the Heat  
 Claims the warm Season, and revives you strait.

*But, Sir, says loud Impertinence, did you*

*E'er know the Sex to Contraries untrue?*

*What'er You think, said I, 'tis very rude*

*Among the Fair such Language to intrude.*

*Tir'd with ill Manners and Law-fence, I rose,*

*And lest my quick departure should disclose*

*Some great disorder, I was forc'd to say*

*'Twas hasty Business hurry'd me away,*

*Another time I could with leisure stay.*

*We parted, and as I came thro' the Street,*

*O'erjoy'd at my escape, whom should I meet*

*But an old Friend, who ask'd me after News,*

*I'll tell You all, said I, without Abuse.*

*Sure of all Creatures that infest the Age,*

*And act gross parts upon the Worlds wide Stage.*

*The most fantastick, pert, conceited Clown*

*Is That vain Ass, who struts in a Bar-gown.*

To

To John Meres, Esq;

In imitation of Horace's Eighth Epistle.

NOVV go, my Muse, and ask my worthy Friend  
 How fares his Health, and let him know I send.  
 Congratulate his new-got Dignity,  
 And ask him how the Place and He agree.  
 Tell him I know his Industry and Care  
 No loss of Profit or of Fame will bear.  
 If he demands at length how I direct  
 My Course, and what Designs I most affect;  
 Acquaint him with my undermin'd State,  
 Till him I threaten strange Attempts and great.  
 But for the present, let him know from me  
 I live by no means well or pleasantly.  
 Not that my Vines are broke by Storms of Hail,  
 Nor yet because my ancient Olives fail  
 By raging Heats, or that my Cattle yeilds  
 But small increase in the far distant Fields.

No, 'tis because my Mind's uneasy grown  
 VVith various Counsels, and attends to none.  
 My Friend's advice I study to forget,  
 And wildly run a hunting after VVit,  
 Pleas'd most when longest held by this Lethargick Fit.  
 My greatest good with Industry I shun,  
 And by what's ill take pains to be undone.  
 At Rome I *Tibur* love, and when I come  
 To *Tibur*, fondly wish to be at *Rome*.  
 VVhen this is done, ask farther how things go,  
 VVhether He likes his proper Choice, or no.  
 If he says, yes : rejoice with Him, and then  
 Take Him aside from all his Brethren,  
 And VVhisper This: In Thy Advancement, VVe  
 As Thou demean'st Thy self, shall value Thee,

---

( 71 )  
*The Thirteenth Ode of the First Book of  
Horace.*

*To Lydia*

**W**hen, *Lydia*, with such Raptures You commend  
Young *Telephus*, Your am'rous, wanton Friend :

Describing in such lively Paint his Charms,  
His graceful Air, sweet Face, and waxen Arms.  
My lab'ring Heart with jealous pangs is torn,  
And swells with Passion hardly to be born.

Then neither Thought, nor Colour in my Face  
Preserve their Luster, or their wonted place.

Like restless Waves, by turns they come and go,  
Whilst stealing Tears from their full Eye-lids flow.  
A sad but certain Sign of that slow Fire,  
That melts my very Soul thro' fond Desire.

To see upon that lovely Neck the Stain  
 Of the rude Hands of a Mad, Drunken Swain :  
 Or To behold Those luscious Lips still swell'd  
 With His hard Kisses, not to be conceal'd :  
 Who would not Rave, that rather than descry  
 Such Racking Tokens, would prefer to Dye ?

In vain, alas ! Your flatt'ring Hopes You feed,  
 That His wild Passion will to Death proceed,  
 He, who Those Lips which *Venus* self did steep  
 In her own Nectar, could invade so deep,  
 So rudely hurt, by the fierce Heat betrays  
 A Mind unsuited with the Hopes You raise.

But Oh ! thrice happy They, who still maintain  
 Their mutual Bonds, and hugg the pleasing Chain :  
 Whom no wild Discords from their Peace remove,  
 But steer a prosp'rous Course of faithful Love,  
 Nor is the grateful, happy Bondage broke,  
 Till pow'rful Fate dissolves the well fix'd Yoke.

*Love's Revenge.*

**L**OVE, tho' a Child, O *Phyllis*, if you knew,  
 When once provok'd What Mischiefs He can do,  
 Perhaps You'd prove more Kind, or less Severe,  
 At least some Answer from You I should hear.  
 Learn then and be attentive to my Tale:  
 A Shepherd once, whom I *Sylvaander* call,  
 Had long pursu'd a Young and Beauteous Dame,  
 Never did Shepherd burn with such a Flame;  
 But on the other side No Shepherdess  
 Had ever Cruel been to such Excess.  
*Chloris*, for That's her Name, like You was Fair,  
 Of no large size, yet charming in her Air:  
 For, *Phyllis*, among Friends, That proper frame  
 Of huge proportions some for Beauty claim,  
 Was never yet so Taking as They boast:  
 For me I frankly own, when ere I Toast,  
 As each enjoys his Fancy, I'll begin  
 No Giant's Health, in Mine it were a Sin.

In short like You in All was *Chloris* seen,  
 Just such a size, so careless in her Mien,  
 A thousand Charms were glitt'ring in her Eyes,  
 She seem'd Obliging, was reputed VVife,  
 Spoke little, Laugh'd in season, now and then  
 Made Verses, pleasing to all sorts of Men,  
 Ready at Answers, and the draught to end  
 Could rally handsomely, and not offend.

Thus like your self the Charming Shepherdess  
 Had store of VVit, and store of Beauteous Grace,  
 But also Store of equal Cruelty ;  
 For still with Frowns she did her Swain deny,  
 Bid Him be Dumb, and then to other Men  
 She smooth'd her Face, was complaisant again.  
 This, *Phyllis*, is the practice of our Time,  
 VVell might They A&t of old then such a Crime.  
 But what avails? It was the Shepherd's Fate :  
 Six tedious Months, a Year, so long a Date,  
 Pass'd on, nor could He make fierce *Chloris* prove  
 VVith all His Art once flexible to Love.

VVhen-

VVhen'er He entred on the Tender Strain,  
 Th'ungrateful chang'd the Talk to raise his Pain.  
 Instead of answering his soft Address,  
 She grew inrag'd, was rude to all Excess.  
 The Shepherd took all well. O force of Love!  
 In earnest, You fine Ladys, when you'd prove  
 Fierce, and Capricious, have your Airs to fright  
 Your Captive Lovers, rather than Delight.  
 But 'tis our Fortune to become Your Prize,  
 Fate makes us wear a Veil before our Eyes.  
*Sylvander* still persisted in his Truth,  
 Th'ungrateful held ungrateful to the Youth.  
 But as all Lovers give their Wishes scope,  
 The Swain could ne'er consent to quit his Hope,  
 Indulging a belief that constant Love  
 At length, perhaps, would more successful prove.  
 Thus to Himself He said, *Suppose I try*  
*By Absence to reduce Her to comply.*  
*If still the Charming Fair has Cruel prov'd,*  
*I'm seen perchance too often to be Lov'd.*

He goes, but not without some shocks of Strife,  
 Within his Breast enough to risque his Life.  
 The Cure is oft as bad as the Disease,  
 But what w'ont longing Lover's do to please?  
 If They could Please: But, *Phyllis*, All's the same,  
 Far off or near, to an inhumane Dame.  
 Return we to the Shepherd, who in vain  
 Had fancy'd Distance would remove his Pain:  
 Still in a Love-sick Tone He argues, *Sure*  
 If *Chloris* knew the Torments I endure,  
 Her rigid Heart would bend to my Relief,  
 Then let us haste to tell Her all my Grief,  
 For yet she knows it not, she never yet  
 Has heard me on the Point I would relate.  
 If the ungrateful knew it, could she prove  
 So Pitiless to let me Dye for Love?  
 Resolv'd The Shepherd to his Desk retires,  
 In mournful Verse He paints his Amorous Fires,  
 Then sends it to the Fair: You, *Phyllis*, know  
 So fond a Method will not always do,

Since

Since I my self, Ungrateful as You are,  
 A thousand times have lay'd so vain a Snare,  
 Have languish'd out my Soul in dying Strains,  
 Yet no Remorse within Your Bosom reigns.  
 So far'd it with the hapless Swain, who strove  
 All ways, but all in vain, Her Heart to move.  
 Relentless still she ev'en disdain'd to send  
 The least Reply that might his Hopes befriend.  
 This Slight pierc'd deep, *Well! stubborn Fair,* said He,  
*You shall at last be freed from wretched Me.*  
 Sighing He said: Thus hopeless of Relief,  
 The Lover resign'd Himself to Grief,  
 Mark, *Phyllis*, and be mov'd at what I say,  
 In some few Days He mourn'd His Life away.  
 Nor, *Phyllis*, is This all, a worse Event,  
 And dreadful to be heard, The vengeful Cupid sent:  
 No sooner had the Dame the News receiv'd  
 Of the Swain's Death, but instantly she griev'd. A  
 Lost from This Moment, fond complaints she made,  
 Now she must needs pursue the injur'd Shade

Of such a matchless Lover, whom her Pride  
 Had us'd so ill, that with concern He Dyed.  
 Yes, to the dark Abode I'll fly, said She,  
 Where poor Sylvander's gone, and gone for Me:  
 Since the hard Fates I could not here Control,  
 And Love his Body, I'll enjoy His Soul.  
 Ah Shepherd! if I dye I will remove  
 All Bars, and find Thee in th'Elysian Grove.  
 On th' instant bath'd in Tears, she sunk with Grief,  
 Which stung so deep, she soon was past Relief,  
 In fine poor Chloris dyed, and was convey'd  
 In Charon's Boat to the infernal Shade.  
 Th'Inhabitants of Styx to see Her press'd,  
 And when her Swain appear'd among the Rest;  
 My dear Sylvander, listen to my Tale,  
 Said she, Nor more Thy rigid Stars unveil.  
 Thus entred, she was going to relate  
 A tedious Repetition of Her Hate,  
 And how she came converted, but the Swain  
 Soon interpos'd, and in these Terms began:

If I ere lov'd whilst yet I was alive,  
And Chloris too, which I should scarce believe,  
At least I know at present I defy  
Those Charms for which unwary Mortals Dye.  
Here Pain and Anguish cease, and what's above  
All Joys, were ignorant of Those of Love.  
Or if the Madness ever invades our Thoughts,  
Tis when the Gods chastise us for our Faults.

---

TUDDING.

In vain would I save You from her rude Alarm  
The friendly Glass spread o'er the shining Space  
Redoubling all the Lustre of the Place  
By kind Reflections dash my search invite  
And oh! how oft betrays Thee to my Sight.

---

# TUDDINGTON-HOUSE.

---

To Sir Charles Duncomb.

**U**Nless *Apollo* should his Aid refuse,  
 Not your own Trees can hide you from the Muse.  
 Your Garden Walls so stately and so high  
 In vain would throw'd You from her piercing Eye.  
 Your Wood of Greens, so various, and so Rare,  
 Of Praise and Wonder claims no common share.  
 Yet, Sir, my Muse so troublesome is grown,  
 She Slights Those objects to seek You alone.

Your Grotto, dazzling with such heaps of Charms,  
 In vain would save You from her rude Alarms.  
 The friendly Glass spread o'er the shining Space,  
 Redoubling all the lustre of the Place,  
 By kind Reflections doth my search invite,  
 And oh ! how oft betrays Thee to my Sight.

Or

Or dost Thou fly within Thy Mansion-house,  
 Unwilling yet to take or give Repose?  
 Here my pursuing Muse (untir'd to find  
 The Man she loves, and shews her grateful Mind)  
 At entrance starts to see the noble State  
 Of every Room, where all the Graces wait:  
 Struck with surprize she stops in her pursuit,  
 Like *Atalanta* stooping for the Fruit.

The Cielings, shining with instructive Paint,  
 Shew all the Art that *Verrio* could invent.  
 Here *Jove* descended in a Golden Shower,  
 Eludes the force of Bars and Bolts and Brazen Tower;  
 Vain Fences against Gold! and in That Shape  
 Shoots thro' the Dame, and makes a Noble Rape.

Another Roof discloses to the Sight  
 A Club of Jovial God's in full delight.  
 Immortal Nectar seems to pass around,  
 Whilst every Dish is with *Ambrosia* Crown'd.

Scarce without Envy we their Feast descry,  
 But need not VVish to be their Guests on high,  
 For whilst we view the false Regale they make,  
 Thy real Dainties VVe at large partake.

The Wainſcot VValls in various Figures teach  
 The utmost Skill, that Gibbons ſelf could reach,  
 Thoſe Images of plenty which we find  
 Carv'd in the Wood are Emblems of your Mind:  
 For That Variety which They diſcloſe,  
 Your Conſtant, Hoſpitable Table ſhews.

Such is the Houſe, ſo Pleaſant, and ſo Neat,  
 And if not Great, it is howe'er Compleat,  
 And now departing hence my Muſe eſpies  
 A loſty Building, graceful to the Eyes.  
 The regular Figure makes a comly Length,  
 And the VVing'd ſides to Beauty furniſh ſtrength.  
 Here not without ſurpriſe Your Steeds we find,  
 Tho' Yours are all the Nobleſt of their kind.

The stately Courser, swiftest of the Race,  
 Grown old in Merit keeps the foremost place,  
 The sprightly Hunters next in worth succeed,  
 Renown'd for Courage and their generous breed,  
 No sooner do the Horns and Dogs proclaim  
 Their Master's order to pursue the Game,  
 But the true Steeds, transported at the Sound,  
 Prick up their Ears, and Snort, and Tear the Ground.  
 Eager of Sport, their pliant Limbs they strain,  
 And VVing'd with Emulation scow'r the Plain.

Mad for the Course, and Trembling, Not with Fear,  
 So the Tall Dogs pursue the fleeing Deer,  
 VVhen thro' the Paddock she conducts the Race;  
 The Rivals stretch, and foam, and urge the Chase,  
 Desire of Victory doth their Vigour feed,  
 Strengthens their Feet, and animates their Speed.

Your little Park, stor'd with the Fallow-Herd,  
 Much pleasure in the Prospect doth afford.

The haughty Buck now strides it o'er the Field,  
 And now delights to make the Female yield :  
 Whilst the young Fawns, unmindful of their Love,  
 Browse in the Sun, or o'er the Pasture Rove  
 At Noon's approach, and to the Lawns remove.  
 All this You find within Your Window's view,  
 Nor is such Innocence contemn'd by You.

Hail *Teddington* ! Thou wondrous pleasant Seat,  
 Tho' small in Compass, Thou in Fame art Great.  
 What Eyes did e'er within Thy Limits come,  
 And pass away not wishing Thee their Home ?  
 So just is each proportion of Thy frame,  
 That All who view Thee do Thy VVorth proclaim.  
 Such Charms within Thy happy VValls are found,  
 That Kings have envy'd Thy delightful Ground :  
 And in a wise contempt of publick Cares  
 Have wish'd Thy Master's private State was Theirs.

Here then enjoy Thy Life in safe Retreat,  
 The true distinction of the Wise and Great.

Tempt

Tempt not the various Chances of an Hour,  
 Nor put Thy self again in Fortune's Power.  
 In Courts and Camps she Reigns in glittering State,  
 There let the seeming VVife her Orders wait.  
 Be Thou like sage *Ulysses* in Thy Choice,  
 Trust not the tempting *Syren's* fatal Voice.  
 But Master of Thy self remain secure ;  
 Nor Life nor all its Joys can long endure.  
 The present Moment use, 'tis all that's Ours,  
 The next perhaps Relentless Fate devours.

*The Third Edition.*

*Nihil majus generatur Ipso,  
 Nec Viget Quidquam simile.*

Hor.

Temp't not the various Chances of an Hour,  
Nor put Thy self again in Fortune's Power,  
In Courts and Camps the Reigns in glittering State,  
There let the seeming Vile her Orders wait  
Be Thou like sage Ulysses in Thy Choice,  
Trust not the tempting Siren's fal Voice,  
But Master of Thy self remain secure;  
Nor Life nor all its Joys can long endure  
The present Moment life, is all that's Ours,  
The next perhaps Religion's Fate devours  
And pass away with Time's swift Hour,  
So that each moment may be Thine,  
That All who view Thee do Thy Worth proclaim,  
Such Charms within Thy happy Walls are found,  

---

That Kings have courted Thy delightful Ground,  
And in a life of public Cares  
Have with Thy Master's golden Scepter reign'd.

A 3 E  
Here then enjoy Thy life in his Retreat,  
The true Religion of the Wise and Great.

---

A  
**PANEGYRICK**

UPON  
King *WILLIAM* III.

---

*The Third Edition.*

---

*Nil majus generatur Ipso,  
Nec Viget Quidquam simile.*

Hor.

---

A  
PANEGYRICK

UPON

King WILLIAM III.

---

The Third Edition.

---

*Nec Viget Quiddam Simile.  
Nil majus generatur Ipso.*

Hoc.

---

TO THE  
Right Honourable

WILLIAM

Earl of *PORTLAND*, &c.

Knight of the Most Noble Order of the  
Garter.

**S**ince by so Earnest, and so Wise a Care  
You Rule that Treaty which Concludes the  
(War :

Since Europe doth Confess the Peace is due

Next to our matchless King, my Lord, to You.

*Well.*

## Epistle Dedicatory.

*Well may the Muses grateful Offerings raise  
To Him, whose Worth so far transcends their Praise:  
Him, whose unwearied Services commend  
The Faithfulst Subject, and the Faithfulst Friend.*

*Accept, my Lord, a Muse that strives to Sing  
The Greatest Hero, and the Greatest King.*

*She strives indeed, but to her Cost she found  
Her Voice too Weak for so Sublime a Sound.*

*A Theme so Lofty, and a Work so Bold,  
Ask strength and Fancy not to be Control'd.*

*Like a rude Painter, whom propitious Chance  
Directs (unknown) some Likeness to advance:*

*All I can boast amounts alone to bring  
Some faint Resemblance of so Brave a King.*

## Epistle Dedicatory

Portland is able best to judge How well  
The Picture shows the Great Original:  
Can with a Glance Discern, if in the Lines  
Ought that is like a true Proportion shines.

For You have from the Hero's Mouth been taught  
His gallant Aims, and all his inmost Thought.  
And have Your Self been Witness of the Toil  
He spent in Arms, to save the British Soil,

How with amazing Valour He pursu'd  
His numerous Foes thro' Dust, and Fire, and Blood:  
Whilst His Triumphant Fleet at his Command  
Dispers'd His Thunder thro' the Hostile Land:  
Destroying Towns, and Navys that Presume  
To share His Ocean, and to Tempt their Doom.

## Epistle Dedicatory.

Till now their Master, fearful of His Pow'r,  
Solicites Peace, which he Disdain'd before.  
With haste He Signs, releasing All his Claim  
To Towns and Countries won, and bends to William's  
(Name.

His gallant Arms, and all his triumph Thoughts,  
And have you Self been Witness of the Toil,  
His Voice no Weak for so Sublime a Sound.

How with amazing Vow He pursues  
To  
Will's His Triumphant Fleet at his Command  
Dispers'd His Trencher thro' the Hostile Land.

Destroying Towns, and Wrecks that Proclaim  
To spare His Ocean, and to Tempt their Doom.  
The faint Resemblance of so Brave a King

# TO THE KING.

**V**ouchsafe, Great Sir, to hear without disdain  
Some of the Wonders that Compose your  
(Reign.

Take as your Due, suspending Arms a while,  
The Title of *Preserver of our Isle*.  
Let other Monarchs found a wide Command  
On Laws Subverted, or a Conquered Land:  
Born for the VWorld's Relief, You glory more  
To free that Nation, and those Laws restore.  
There needs no Conquest to maintain Your Sway,  
You Reign o'er People willing to Obey.

**V**When

When Parents, lost to Nature, would forsake  
Their Children, and the just Succession break :

Who blames an Heir, that with propitious Speed  
Sets forth his Claim, and labours to Succeed ?

So when old *Saturn* had resolv'd to chase  
His Eldest *Jove*; and all his Lawful Race ;  
Mov'd with the Wrong, the Injur'd Son arose,  
Maintain'd his Title, and Dispers'd his Foes.

And here, Great King, what Praise and Thanks are  
(due

For *England's* Happiness restor'd by You!

What storms of Fury this poor Island tost,  
Before You landed on the *British* Coast!

The brand of Zeal was ready to inflame  
Its Bosom, and destroy our native Claim  
To Liberty, Religion, Law and Right,

When to prevent it, VVe Your aid invite.

You came, You saw, like *Cæsar* You succeed,

And all our Captive-Laws by You are freed.

So *Perseus* once, to save the injur'd Maid,  
Flew o'er the Deep, and brought a timely Aid.

Fain would I dwell upon this great Relief,  
That fix'd our Safety, and dispers'd our Grief.  
Recorded Let it be to future Time,  
Inspiring Poets with unusual Rhime.  
Let the Triumphant Subject fill each Page,  
Exalt their Numbers, and increase their Rage.  
But then, how Large, how Bright should be the Flame  
That dares attempt to spread the Hero's Fame!  
He, who like Lightning shone upon our Land,  
(Dread in his Look, and Justice in his Hand,)  
Yet when He shot thro' every guarded place,  
Forbore his Vengeance, and display'd his Grace.

A Love so VVondrous, and an Act so Bold  
Make us believe Thee scarce of humane Mould:  
But (what's more suited to such Deeds) that Fate  
Some Guardian Angel, sent to prop a sinking State.

Pale

Pale Horror now, nor Crimſon Slaughter bear  
 Your Feet aſcending to the Regal Chair.  
 How ſoon our Great Preſerver did unite  
 The Monarch's Grandeur, and the People's Right!  
 How ſoon were all our gathering Tempeſts o'er,  
 VVhen once You ſhew'd Your Perſon on our ſhore!  
 So when rhe VVinds at *Juno's* ſuit aroſe,  
 And pour'd impetuous fury on her Foes:  
 The Ocean's God did all his Care employ  
 To lay thoſe VVinds, and ſave remaining *Troy*.

*France* for an Age her deep Deſigns had laid,  
 And for a VVar a vaſt Proviſion made:  
 VVhilt Neighb'ring Kings obſerv'd it not, or drown'd  
 In ſoft Amuſements, ſlighted what they found.  
 Or what's ſtill worſe, expected to partake  
 That Pow'r that did the VVorld's whole Fabrick ſhake!  
 Thus Fleets were Built, and Armies on the ſtrand  
 Inſulting ſpread a Fear thro' every Land.

On

On You, Brave Prince, the low'ring Tempest fell,  
 And Storms increas'd as You their Rage repell.  
*France* Hydra-like, no sooner lost one Head,  
 But still Two more seem'd Risen in its stead.  
 Till You, pursuing with *Herculean* Toil,  
 Oppos'd her Progress, and Regain'd the Spoil.

Plac'd in the Throne, by Law, by Right, your  
 (Due,  
 All our Complaints are soon Redress'd by You.  
 Once more with Joy we see our Laws Restor'd,  
 The Nation's Honour, and the Prince's VVord.  
 The People now, whose universal Voice  
 Gave Thee the Crown, Confirm the worthy Choice.  
 The grateful Senate VOTES with joynt Applause  
 Sufficient Aids for Thine and *Europe's* Cause.  
 Whilst You with Care disposing of the same,  
 Make large Returns of Empire and of Fame.  
 Thus *Scotland* (when *Rebellious* Arms withstood  
 The Joynt Election, and the Publick Good)  
 Glad to contribute to Your Fame's increase,  
 VVas by Your Arms Again Restor'd to Peace.

'Twas here a Savage Brood maintain'd the VVar,  
 Bred among Rocks, and harden'd by Despair,  
 Eager of Blood, Inur'd to Toil and Cold,  
 Led by a hardy Rebel, Firm and Bold,  
 In vain Attempting with a fierce Career  
 To check Thy Progress, and Thy Laurels Tear.  
 Fill'd with Thy Genius brave *Mackay* receiv'd  
 The Sturdy Foe, who such bold Acts atchiev'd,  
 That had his Cause been Right, his Fortune we had  
 (greiv'd)

To *Ireland* passing next I should disclose,  
 Great King, Thy Triumphs over other Foes.  
 There should I trace Thee to the dusty Fight,  
 Plung'd in the midst, and mov'd with fierce Delight:  
 Pursuing Squadrons of the yielding Foe,  
 VVhilst *Boyn's* white VVaves grew Red at every Blow:  
 VVhen Bullets by Divine Commiſſion flew,  
 And pitying *Europe's* state Distinguish'd You.  
 VVhat Perils in the Tumult didst Thou Run,  
 Confronting Death, which had the VVorld undone!  
 But

But Providence Thy Guardian ever found,  
 Exchang'd the Ruine for a painful VVound.

O that I had but *Waller's* Heavenly Flame  
 Powerful and Bright, proportion'd to Your Fame :  
 In Verse triumphant as my Theme, I'd sing  
 The Godlike Deeds of happy *Britain's* King!  
 How swift as *Phabus* Rays he Pierc'd each place,  
 Terror and Conquest lightned from his Face:  
 His Foes Astonish'd Sunk upon the Plain,  
 And scarce a Few escap'd Affrighted o'er the Main.

But These are Stroaks that claim a Master's Hand,  
 Unfit for Me to touch, what Few can e'er Command.  
 Mean while as long as *Silver Boyne* shall flow,  
 And fruitful Crops to Neighbouring Meads bestow :  
 As long as *Montague's* exalted Page,  
 Fill'd with Thy Glories shall retain its Rage.  
 As long as *Ireland's* Resc'd Laws shall stand,  
 So long Thy Conquests shall adorn That Land.

Nor is Thy Conquering Soul to Lands confin'd,  
 The Ocean has to Thee her Bounds resign'd.  
 Lord of the Sea, where e'er Thy Fleets are found,  
 The wondring Coasts Thy settled Fame resound.  
 The *French*, observing where Thy Navy rides,  
 Keep close at Home, nor dare They trust the Tides.  
 Too well They call to Mind that Fatal Hour  
 VVhen *Russel* chas'd Them with his floating Power,  
 The harmless *Tourville* thought 'twas time to fly,  
 VVhen he perceiv'd an *English* Fleet was nigh.  
 This is our Islands Strength: should Armies fail,  
 The Terror of our Ships would still prevail.  
 But Thou at once art Fear'd upon the Plain,  
 And art Supream Controller of the Main.  
 VVell then may *Tourville* and the *Gallick* Fleet  
 Despair of Safety, when our Force They meet.  
*La Hogue's* remembred still, whose Dreadful Name  
 Confounds their Spirits, and Reveals their Shame.  
 VVith what Impatience did the Foes retire,  
 Led by the Light of their Own Navy's Fire!

*Namur* should be One Subject of my Song,  
*Namur*, so Great, so Daring, and so Strong.  
 No common Fortrefs here deludes Your Fame,  
 This won, You spread throughout the Globe Your  
 (Name.)

Nature and Art, Blood, Fire, and Rage combine  
 To disappoint the Bold, the Brave Design,  
 How did the battering Canons prove their Force,  
 And fierce Battalions storm it in their Course!  
 In vain the warm Defenders would repel  
 Your Conquering Troops, for when the Boldest fell,  
 A New Supply was still reserv'd behind,  
 The same the Boldness, and the Conquering Mind.  
 Cutts leads them on, the King's Example fires  
 The Hero, and to Conquest Him inspires.

Now would I Draw collected near the Town  
 The Foes United Strength to finish Thy Renown.  
 In vain doth *Villeroy* threaten to advance  
 VVith all the Pride, and all the Power of France:

In vain pretends with a Superiour Force  
 To brave Your Army, and divert Your Course.  
 Slighting his Threats, quick Orders You dispence  
 To Storm the Fort, in spite of all Defence :  
 To gain their Lodgments, and the VVork pursue,  
 Contemning All that Foes on either side can do.

Mean while the *French* are much alarm'd to find  
 Such Resolution, and such Conduct joyn'd.  
 Amaz'd at all the Actions They Behold,  
 At Troops so Daring, and a King so Bold,  
 Stand gazing on to see the Fort resign'd,  
 And own *Nassau* the Greatest of Mankind,

Thus Those, who aim'd at Universal Sway,  
 Are here Compell'd to Wonder and Obey.  
 Those who with Gold so often had o'errun  
 Whole Provinces, and strongest Places won,  
 Oppos'd in open War decline the Field,  
 Attest Your Valour, and Consent to yield.

THIS were a Task indeed; but, Oh! my Muse;  
 Unknowing to be Bold must such a Work refuse  
 Far from the War she humbly seeks to rove,  
 And sing in softer Strains of Peace and Love.  
 Now may she sing of both, for *Mars* resigns  
 His Empire, *Venus* with *Apollo* joyns:  
 The God of Day Triumphs, again serenely Shines.

War's now no more, the Trumpet's shrill Alarm  
 Excites no Terror, and implies no Harm,  
 No longer now destructive Engines Roar,  
 No longer breath Defiance from our Shore:  
 Instead of Thunder, Peals of Joy afford,  
 For Your Return, and for the Peace restor'd.  
 Restor'd by You, Great KING! for You alone  
 Cou'd check th'Enlargment of the *Gallick* Throne;  
 Let others boast Ignoble Foes to Tame,  
 Foes much unequal and unus'd to Fame:  
 Unlike such Victors, stronger Armies You,  
 Ev'n in their height of Triumphs can subdue.

War's now no more, let every Wind diffuse,  
 Where'er the Ocean Rools, the happy News.  
 On every Shore shall pressing Throngs be found,  
 Prepar'd with list'ning Ears to catch the joyful Sound.

War's now no more, the humble Shepherds lead  
 Their Flocks with Joy, securely now they feed.  
 The Husbandman no more his Toil restrains,  
 But reaps Himself the Harvest of his Pains.  
 The thriving Merchant unmolested-joins  
 Both *Indies*, and returns with sailing Mines.  
 The Muses too their drooping Spirits raise,  
 And sing aloud the *PEACE*, the Triumph of our Days.

The *British* Monarch has the lasting Fame  
 Of settling *Europe's* Peace, and every Lawful Claim.  
 What Pow'r on Earth could e'er have long withstood  
 The just Attempt of one so Great, so Good?  
 A Prince, whose Name strikes Terror in his Foes,  
 Secures a constant and a firm Repose.

A Fame

A Fame so bright, so much beyond the Praise  
Of Modern Heroes, well might Wonder raise  
Enough to make an \*Emperor leave his Throne

Czar of  
Muscovy.

So far remote, his Conquests newly won,  
And Greater still in view, to visit Him alone.

So *Sheba's* Queen to distant *Judab* came,  
To see a Prince that fill'd the World with Fame.

To Thee, Great K I N G, united *Europe* gave  
Their Armies to command, their Rights to save.  
Wifely They chose, for what Their joyn't Consent  
Resolv'd, is answer'd by the Great Event.  
By long Experience of your Arms They knew  
VWhat such a Leader, such a King could do.

No VVonder then Thy vast Heroick Toil  
Makes Mighty Princes court the *British* Soil,  
In Person came to view and to admire  
Him, who has sav'd the VVorld from Rage and Fire;  
VWho,

Who, fearless, thro' incircling Dangers sprung,  
 Eager of Fame, Wise, Pow'rful, Gallant, Young,  
 And wheresoe'er He flew, brought Victory along.

O, how I could enlarge this pleasing Scene !  
 ( The Subject pleases, tho' the Verse be mean )  
 But that I know your Patience and your Time  
 Too weighty to be spent on trifling Rhime.  
 Else would I spread the Glories of Thy Line,  
 How Great, how full of Splendor, how Divine !  
 What heaps of Honours, and of Conquests grace  
 The numerous Branches of Thy Godlike Race !  
 Triumphant, All the Publick Good pursue,  
 And yet are pleas'd to be outdone by You.

But yet, so Great, so Gallant, so Renown'd  
 As Thou in all the Courts of Fame art found,  
 Yet have we seen Thee All the Man forego,  
 Lavish in Grief, and far oppress'd with Woe.  
 But then, what Power is This that could Control  
 Such Martial Heat, and Shake so firm a Soul ?

MARIA

*MARIA* could Alone. *MARIA*'s hapless Fate  
Made All the Hero Sink, the Pierce, the Bold, the Great.

Oh ! She was Goodness All, with Pride unstain'd,  
And yet the Port of Majesty retain'd.  
Of Manly Spirit, yet Serene of Face,  
Adorn'd with every Virtue, every Grace.  
Whilst in her Eyes transcendent Charms were seen,  
*Minerva*'s Wisdom, *Juno*'s Awful Meen,  
Arose Conspicuous in This Matchless *QUEEN*.

Just were Thy Tears on This occasion shewn,  
For such a Loss no Age had ever known.  
With Thee whole Nations wept, and press'd with Grief  
Prolong'd their Mourning, careless of Relief.  
Thine was a nearer Loss ; VVe more admire  
Thou couldst so soon revive Thy Martial Fire,  
Than that we saw Thy Tears : but Fate ordain'd  
The Hero still should Rise, and so his Grief restrain'd

Now

Now has He gain'd his Height, for what remains  
For Valour now, since *Europe* Peace obtains?

This was His VVork, in which the Hero spent  
His Generous Blood for such a Great Event.

A VVork so full of VVonder and of Fame,  
That all the VVorld Consents to rev'rence his Name.

Let other VVriters other Acts rehearse,  
Display His Bolder Deeds in Bolder Verse;  
Mine be the Task of Peace, diffusing o'er

Its golden Fruits to every happy Shore.  
Here, when I weigh, that None beside was found  
Able to check Ambition, and to bound  
Insulting Foes, whose project was to Awe

United Nations, and give *Europe* Law;  
How am I Rais'd with VVonder, and with Flame!  
Rage, Fury, Transport, All The Muse can claim,  
Hurries me on to spread Thy Matchless Fame.

Who

VWho doth not feel th' Effect of all Thy Cares  
At Home in Council, or Abroad in VVars?

VWhat Part of All the Universe complains,  
VWhilst so Renown'd, so Just a Monarch Reigns?

Is there a Virtue, that to Human Sense  
Seems Useful, and goes Unrewarded hence?

By Thee the Muses are advanc'd above

The People's Censure, or Uncertain Love,  
When in Thy Councils, or in meaner Trust,

Their least Pretension will amount to Just.

Thou know'st their VVorth, and with Remark hast seen

How faithful to Thy Service They have been.

In all Sublime Occasions that Require

A VVatchful Conduct, and an Active Fire :

Let the VVorld judge, if Those of Phœbus Train,

Those whom the KING has chosen to Retain,

Have e'er been found Remiss in Needful Care,

Or in the Wish'd Success without a Double Share.

Then let the KING the Muses Tribe increase,

Indulge their Labours, and Secure their Peace.

*Recta Fides, Hilaris Clementia, causa Potestas Jam Redeunt.*

The

# The CHOICE

*To the Right Honourable*

**Charles Montague Esquire, One of the  
Lords Justices of England.**

---

**Written in the Year, 1698.**

---

**I**F from the Publick Service You can spare  
A Moment's leisure, set apart from Care:  
If yet a Kingdom's Trust admits recess  
From Toil of Business in a Calm of Peace:  
Receive a Stranger's Present, and Excuse  
The bold Attempt of a Complaining Muse.

Stretch'd on the Earth beneath a spreading Oak,  
'Twas thus I did the God of Verse invoke.  
O Thou, whose powerful Numbers can control  
The Wildest Tempests of a troubled Soul;  
Who to th' enquiring Mind canst represent  
The Motives and the Springs of each Event.

**And**

And canst securely lead us to Success  
In All that may concern our Happiness.

Instruct My Youth, Say what Sinister Fate  
Pursues my hapless Muse with Such dire hate,

That She who boldly undertook to Sing  
Of Europe's freedom by our Matchless King :  
Spread forth Aloud how Great, how Wise, how Good,  
And in his People's Love how Firm He stood :  
In VVar how Dreadful, but in Peace how Mild,

( Thus can Extremas in Him be reconciled.)  
That She for all her Truth doth still complain

Of no Regard, and lifts her Voice in vain,

Nor did my Suit the gentle God displease  
But mov'd with Pity for my Minds disease,

Advancing to my Aid in Sacred Sound,  
He thus apply'd a Med'cine to my VVound,

Apoll. Happy that Muse, VVho doth, tho' late, arrive  
At the VVish'd Port, and all her Fears Survive.

Safe

Safe from the VVaves of Doubt, Opinion, Time,  
 The Storms of Envy on the Sea of Rhime;  
 Or tempting Gales of Praise, that first Invite  
 To Sail, then Shift, and Stress the Barks of VVit,  
 Still driving on th' Unequal flood of Care,  
 Now rais'd with Hope, now sinking with Despair.  
 Besides the Patience, Toil, and Art requir'd  
 To make at last the Land so much desir'd,  
 These are the Muse's Lot, as if the Stars  
 Combin'd to vex Them with Eternal VVars.

R. Hard Fate of Such, whom Thy inspiring Grace  
 Leads to contemplate Nature's charming Face,  
 And in Immortal Verse her VVonders sing,  
 Still Rising as the Summer from the Spring :  
 Like lab'ring Bees extracting from each Soil  
 Rich, VVholesom Juices VVorthy of their Toil.  
 Such, whose surmounting Genius weigh'd by Art  
 Can all the Force of Poetry impart,

Harmonious Sound with useful Precepts joyn'd,  
 As when in Moving Numbers They remind  
 By Known Examples the forgetful Great  
 Of Life's short bound's, and frequent Turns of Fate!  
 Or touch'd with Grief some Suffering Vertue paint,  
 VVith Pity now the Lover's soft Complaint :  
 Or when to Nobler Fury rais'd They Sing  
 The deathless Acts of some Heroick King.

As for those seeming-VVits, whose hasty Veiri  
 Betrays a Pre-digestion in the Brain :  
 Rash Mortals, who at best in what they write  
 Mistake the Surface for a Depth of VVir,  
 No Sons of Thine, VVe VVonder not to see  
 The trifling Herd involv'd in Poverty.  
 But VVhy are all confounded in the Curse,  
 No Difference made of Better, or of Worse ?  
 If Art and Skill be vain, and serve alone  
 To urge ill Fate, and draw Misfortunes down,  
 Then wherefore should good VVits contend for Fame,  
 Why Rack Invention for an Empty name ?

*Apol.* VVhat tho' the Merchant, laden with Rich Ore,  
 Pointing his Compass to some distant Shore,  
 Prepares his Vessel, Skillfull in his Art,  
 Knows what Degrees to reach, and when to Part,  
 VVhere to avoid a Rock, or Shelf Unseen,  
 VVhat Capes to double, and VVhat Port to gain :  
 In vain He moves, unless some prosp'rous gale  
 Invites his haft, and fills the Spreading Sail;

R. But my small freight is hardly VVorth the Pain  
 Of a long Hope, which may at last prove Vain,  
 For VVinds delude us oft, at Land they seem  
 To promise favour on a gentle Stream :  
 But when you're once at Sea, They Shift, and Veer,  
 Deaf to your Crys, and threatning sad Despair.

*Apol.* All are not flatt'ring VVinds, nor can we all  
 Advent'ers on the Sea Unhappy call.

R. But

R. But Sure of Those who Write, there are but Few  
That boast of Fortune, who the Course pursue.

*Apoll.* That happens thro' impatience of Success:  
Ill conduct doth not make the Art grow less.  
Yet as a Rule, Secure of This Remain,  
VVithout a Patron all Attempts are vain.

R. True Patrons 'tis with Us so hard to find,  
Sure for Another Age They are design'd.

*Apoll.* Despair not, Think again, Still may your  
(Choice  
Fix on a Man, that will regard your Voice:  
One, whose indulgent but discerning Sight  
At once will guide and countenance your Flight:  
VVho Knows the Muse's charms, and will forgive  
Small faults for Beauties that may claim to Live.

This done with courage You'l advance your pace  
 Till by degrees grown practis'd in the Chase,  
 Your Vigour prompt you to atremp't the Race.

R. No Race I aim at, my Ambition's Bound  
 Is but at most to pace the Measur'd ground :  
 Ride at my Ease without the checking Fear  
 Of Danger that attends the full Career.  
 Aspire VVho VVill to gain the VVeighty Prize,  
 Swell with Renown, and feed admiring Eyes :  
 VVhilst I unmov'd, within my Self Confin'd,  
 Covet no Name, the Vapour of the Mind.  
 I want no trappings of a gaudy State,  
 Obtain'd by Servile fawning on the Great.  
 Is shameful VVant far absent from my door ?  
 Retire, vain fears! has Nature need of more ?  
 Of the firm Ship no Matter VVhat's the Rate,  
 The Least will VVast us to the Port of Fate.  
 Unalter'd still am I, whether She Sail  
 VVith a full Canvass, or a gentler Gale.

So

So the VVind proves not Adverse on the Sea,  
 Let Her float on, 'tis every Point to me.

Of all those inward gifts th' Eternal Mind  
 Supremely Good, dispenses to Mankind :  
 Health, the Chief Blessing, is my first Request,  
 VVhich, like the Soul, enlivens all the rest.  
 Then VVisdom to discern, and tast, and choose  
 True Honour for my Guide, tho' lost to common Use.  
 To these Add Vertue, and a chearful Heart  
 Pleas'd with its Lot, I ask no greater part.

*Apoll.* So just a Suit sure Blessings must attend :  
 VVould you be taught the Muse's firmest Friend ?  
 'Tis *MONTAGUE* : The readiest Man on Earth  
 To pardon failings, or distinguish VVorth.  
 Himself was once a Muse, who did impart  
 All that was Great and Graceful in the Art.  
 Till by some Fate propitious to Your Isle,  
 ( A Period, on which Heav'n it self did Smile ! )

Call'd to support th' unsettled State's affairs,  
He chang'd the Mase's for more Solid Cares.

At His Request, Harmonious STEPNY Strung  
His well-tun'd Harp, and sweetly to it Sung.  
And now by his auspicious Aid He Shines  
In foreign Courts advancing Great designs :  
Striving to add to German Courage Sense,  
And make Them, tho' in Peace, still Arm for their  
( Defence,

Next the fam'd PRIOR who was early fought  
By his Great Patron and to business brought.  
To whose Sublime and Courteous Wit are joyn'd  
Ease in Affairs, and Solid Depth of Mind :  
In France doth each projecting Council wait,  
And VVatches for the Safety of your State.

The Charming CONGREVE might adorn the Scene,  
Excell'd by None of All the Tuneful Train.

For Judgment, Candour, Sprightly VVit Renown'd,  
The very Graces in his VWorks are found.

No harsh, unartful Sounds throughout appear,

His Numbers easy, and Expreffions clear :

Or when he labours in the *Drama's* Soil,

The Univerfal Praise rewards his Toil.

But if you would his brightest Fame Reherse,

Say what a Friend He has to Patronize his Verse.

Then should the learned *HANNES* appear in View,  
In whom all Arts their ancient Fires Renew.

VWarm'd with the Muse, Another *Horace* Shines

Correctly Bold in his Majestick Lines.

He's my own Offspring, whom to make more Bright  
My self inspir'd with more than usual Light:

Gave him Increase of Heat, annexing Still

To Arts of *Pindus* *Æsculapian* Skill.

Thus with a vast, Successful Genius led,

He fears no living Fame, nor ev'n the Greatest Dead.

These are All Honour'd with a Matchless Friend,  
 Inclined to pardon, Able to defend  
 Those humble Suits, which They to Him commend.  
 Take courage then, and for your wish'd Success  
 Attempt His favour, See your Happiness.

*To the Right Honourable*  
*William Earl of Portland, &c. Upon*  
*his Embassy to France, and his Re-*  
*turn.*

**T**WAS fit that all this Honour should resign  
 To Him, who could Divided Nations joyn.  
 Whose well-weigh'd Wisdom did prevail alone  
 To finish what His Monarch's Sword begun:  
 Sustain'd His Right, made War and Rapine cease,  
 Restoring Europe to the Joys of Peace.

Who

Who then is so unjust to envy You  
 That Charge, to such distinguish'd Merit due?  
 Where all the forms of Grandeur did arise  
 To such a Height, as dazled VVondring Eyes.  
 Those terms of Glory you for us procur'd,  
 Here the same VVatchful Prudence has assur'd.  
 The *French* themselves, so Deep in Arts of State,  
 Submit their Counsels, and comply with Fate.

The grateful People by their Shouts proclaim  
 The Joys they feel at your Repeated Name.  
 In Crowds They press along, like some great Flood,  
 Whose rolling VVaves disdain to be withstood.  
 With eager Sight They view the Pompous Train,  
 And VVish the Nations n'er disjoyn'd again.

Arriv'd at Court thro' all that Noble State,  
 Where Throngs of Princes did your Coming VVait,  
 Distinguish'd from the Rest in You was seen  
 A Height so Graceful, and so Great a Meen,

'Twas

'Twas out of Doubt No Nation ere could bring  
A Man so Fit to represent a King.

And now, My Lord, Returning you Receive  
The Kindest Welcome our Great Prince can give.

Well may He give what You so justly Claim  
For Conduct, that so well supports His Fame:

For All That Train of Worth, that still attends

Your Solid Steps, and Crowns His Weighty Ends:

Your Resolution, Temper, Faith, Renown,

Your spotless Word, a Vertue rarely known.

For all your Toils of War, when Storms of Fire

Compass'd You round, disdaining to Retire:

Your Civil labours, when your Active Mind

Still on the Wing Refus'd to lag behind.

Such Ease in Business with so just a View,

Wary, and Wise, yet Eager to Pursue,

Are from the King alone Deriv'd to You;

Just as the Moon, Reflecting *Phæbus* Light,

Out Shines the fainter Glories of the Night:

So

So from His Pattern, that all Kings outvys,  
 You learn above all Subjects to arise.

*Non possidentem Multa. Hor. 9th. Ode. B. 4.  
 to Lollius.*

**H**E, who for Wealth doth Seas and Land explore,  
 Is not the Happier for his boundless Store,  
 Without the artful knowledge how to use  
 Those Blessings, which the Gods do not refuse.  
 Or if by some surprising turn of Fate  
 The Great one falls from His Exalted State.  
 Then manfully to bear his low Degree,  
 The World's Contempt, and Smarting Poverty;  
 And Spite of Fortune's Malice to despise  
 (Tho' Starving) all the Tempting baits of Vice.  
 If such a one Thou art, without control  
 Thou'rt Happy, and Enjoy'st a Noble Soul.  
 And should Occasion ask it, would'st defy  
 Danger, and for Thy Friend or Country dye.

The

THE  
 River SCAMANDER,  
 FROM  
 Mr. de la Fontaine.  
 TO

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, Baronet.

WHILST I attempt the Muse's Paths to trace,  
 Tho' Weak in Numbers, void of every grace,  
 Born on the Wings of Love I fly to pay  
 This Visit, and a Friend's command obey.  
 And Oh, how Justly is This Tribute due  
 To One so Ready to oblige as You !  
 Proud of This Duty, boldly I decline  
 My Wonted Fears, and to the Task resign;

At Stow, your charming Seat, This Piece was Wrought,  
 ( With grateful Pleasure I Renew That Thought )  
 Happy, if whilst from Publick Business free,  
 It find Excuse when You This Offering See.

In Greece, as Story tells, upon a Time  
 A Scholar banish'd from his Native Clime,  
 Resolv'd with Fortune's favour to enjoy  
 Within his view the Ruins of old Troy.  
 He goes, and Cimon for his Comrade takes,  
 Whose converse his Misfortune Lighter makes.  
 From Ilium's Dust arose a little Town,  
 From Ilium's sad Disasters only Known.  
 There Priamus and all His Shining Court,  
 Were now but Names, Time's Prey, and Fortune's  
 O Troy, to Me how Charming is Thy Sound, ( Sport.  
 Where Themes So fit for Poetry abound!  
 Shall I n'er see the Ruins of Thy Face,  
 Those Walls, which Gods themselves did build, and  
 N'er view the Noble Fields, where Martial Rage ( rage ?  
 And Matchless courage did so long engage ?

Nor

Nor the least Trace of Those adventrous Times,  
 VVhose Acts might be so well express'd in Rhimes?  
 VVho can present an Image of Those Days?  
 But to our Story : *Cimon*, as that says,  
 The Hero of These Lines was walking Near  
*Scamander's* banks to breath in fresher Air.  
 Ere many Steps He gain'd, a Beauteous Dame  
 To tast the same refreshing coolness came.  
 She tript along the Meadows ever green,  
 No Art about her modest garb was seen.  
 Her Gown hung loose, and floated in the Air,  
 She seem'd a Shepherdess, surpassing Fair.  
*Cimon* was struck with wonder at the Sight,  
 He thought 'twas *Venus* shin'd so matchless Bright.  
 A Cave was near, to which the Artless Maid  
 Descends, and tho' Alone is not afraid.  
 So free from all Mistrust, unskill'd as Fair,  
 VVho knew no Guilt, could n'er suspect it there.  
 But as the Heat and Privacy inclin'd,  
 Or some malicious *Demon* had design'd,

She

She strait prepar'd to bath, The Youth lay hid,  
 He saw her All, Each wondrous Charm descry'd,  
 But doubtful which to choose, with greedy Eyes  
 He view'd her o'er and o'er, and heightned his Surprize.  
 Twas in those times, when various Gods possess'd  
 Men's Minds, and Pagan VVorship was confest.  
 He strait resolves to make those Errors prove  
 Conducive to his ends in making Love.  
 Some Water-Deity he chose to seem,  
 And first He dips his garments in the Stream,  
 Then crowns his head with dropping Herbs, and then  
 Invokes The God of Love to favour his design.  
 VVhat cou'd a plain, unartful Virgin do  
 Against so many frauds, so likely to be true?  
 Now had the lovely Maid a foot disclos'd,  
 VVhiter, than *Galatea* ere could boast:  
 VVhich done she plung'd it in the Silver flood,  
 And then her Ivory Limbs surveying stood.  
 Ye Lillies, boast no more your spotless VVhite,  
 In vain you would compare with Skin so bright.

Tho

Tho' 'twas Her self, and as she thought Alone,  
 She Blush'd that Naked to Her self she's known.  
 VVhilst she was thus employ'd, The Youth drew near,  
 The Virgin shriek'd aloud, and wing'd with Fear  
 Deep in the Rock she Run her shame to hide,  
 VVhen He to stop her flight pursuing cryed :  
 " I am the River's God, Hold, charming Fair,  
 " Be Thou its Goddess, and my Empire Share.  
 " Few are the Streams that with my Current Vye,  
 " So pure a Chrystal you did n'er descry :  
 " My heart yet clearer. Turn then, Lovely Maid,  
 " And hear, The sweetest Flowers These Banks shall shade,  
 " Too happy They, if ere you deign to tread  
 " Upon Those Leafs, that fragrant odours shed.  
 " And I more happy still if you'd consent  
 " To be ador'd within my Element.  
 " Your fair Companions, whoso'ere They be,  
 " Shall all be Nymphs of Mountains, Woods, or Sea.  
 " For I extend my Empire over all  
 " That spacious Round, which Men th' Horizon call.

The

The God's perswading Tongue, The Virgin's Fear  
 To disoblige a Deity So Near,  
 Spite of the Shame She felt to be survey'd  
 All Naked as She was, soon fix'd the Maid.

Blind Superstition daily brings to Pass  
 A Thousand Accidents thro' want of Grace.

Tis said that Love at length adorn'd the Shade,  
 And now God-Cimon soon his Exit made.

" But first, said He, you must Return, my Fair;

" To this blest place, and take a special Care

" Not to disclose our Marriage, which as yet

" To be conceal'd a while is more than fit.

" Soon as *Olympus* Shall assembled be,

" The Whole Affair shall be divulg'd by me.

The Goddess takes her leave, and from the Cell

Retires, how Pleas'd 'tis Love alone can Tell.

Thus for a Month or two The Couple meet,

And undiscover'd still their Joys repeat.

O Mortals how unhappy is your State!

Your Wishes once enjoy'd, you Surfeit Strait.

*Cimon*, without disclosing what had past  
 Slacken'd his Visits, check'd his wonted hast  
 To the old Cave, where oft he had been Blest.  
 At length some Wedding, that by chance arriv'd,  
 Brought all the Town to see some thoughtless Mortal  
 The Nymph descrys the Man, nor could she hold (VViv'd.  
 One Moment, " Ah ! The River-God Behold,  
 " She cryed, See There *Scamander's* Sacred Stream,  
 " Now my high Marriage is no more a Dream.  
 The People are amaz'd and Throng to hear :  
 She Simply tells them, in the Upper Sphere  
 She shortly should be Married, strait arose  
 A Laugh, which with the News soon Universal  
 The Matrons did with Stones the God pursue, (grows.  
 VVho VVing'd with conscious Terror Swiftly flew.  
 Others but laugh'd : I fancy, in our Time  
*Cimon* had suffer'd more for such a Crime.  
 Then 'twas excus'd with ease. But Every Age  
 By its own Maxims doth Mankind Engage.

Scamander's Goddes too at length was free,  
 'Tho not without some Stroaks of Raillery  
 But What are Those, since she no Loss Sustain'd:  
 Long was it not ere she a Husband gain'd  
 In spite of This disaster, nay she's thought  
 By one of her Gallants the Fairer for the Blot.  
 Tis Fancy sways Us all: The Gods n'er prove  
 Injurious to the Fair They deign to Love.  
 Or should the Nymph thro' spiteful chance endure  
 Some Loss of Fame, there is a Ready Cure.  
 Endow her well, she'l soon become a Bride,  
 The Pow'r of Money never was denyed.

The

# The 5th. Satyr of Boileau.

To the Right Honorable

The Lord Guilford.

**N**obility becomes a Real Good,  
 When once a Man with Vertu's Laws endu'd  
 Like You, My Lord, Descending from a Line  
 Of Heroes, scorns their Footsteps to Decline.

But when a Fop, whose Idle, Senseless Brain  
 Relies on nothing but his Noble Strain,  
 And boasts to me of Honours, not his own,  
 To what a Height of Insolence he's grown !  
 Admit his Ancestors in valour fam'd,  
 And in Records of distant Ages nam'd :

Suppose some King, their Glory to advance  
 Has added to their Coat the Arms of *France*.

What benefit accrues from such a Fame,  
 If He, amongst the Hero's of his Name  
 So Great in Story, Recommend Himself  
 By Deeds of Parchment, Roll'd upon the Shelf,

Secure from VVorms, if his base Soul denies

Its lofty Birth, and from all glory flies?

Mean while To see This Man with such a Face  
 Insist upon the Splendor of his Race,  
 False Splendor! one would think that Heav'n was grown  
 Subservient to His VVill, his Laws Alone :  
 Or that at least the Maker's Hand had Roll'd  
 His Body up of some peculiar Mould.

Amongst Those Animals we Value most,  
 The Running Horse may some Advantage boast:  
 VVho Steut, and full of hasty Vigour flies  
 Unwear'd in the Race, and strains his Eyes  
 VVith generous Rage, and in the bounded Heat  
 Is Cover'd o'er with noble Dust and Sweat.  
 But when a Horse of lofty Bayard's Race,  
 Proves a dull Jade, unmindful of Disgrace,  
 He's fold at random, and without regard  
 To Ancestors, a Cart is his Reward.

Why should You then led by a vain Abuse  
 Expect an Honour, heretofore in Use?  
 Appearances have no effect on me,  
 'Tis Vertue, that denotes Nobility.  
 If from Those Hero's you Deduce your Name,  
 Shew Their Industrious search of Honest Fame,  
 Their Zeal for Honour, and contempt of Vice:  
 Is not your Mind propense to Avarice,  
 Or vain Excess? do you regard the Laws,  
 And of Injustice shun the hated Cause?  
 Can you Repulse an Enemies Attack,  
 Or Sleep in Camps with Armor on your back?  
 Such Marks confirm your Nobleness, and then  
 Take, if you please, the most Heroick Men  
 For your Original, and let your Line  
 From *Alexander*, or from *Cæsar* shine:  
 Vainly the Coxcomb doth your Birth contest,  
 Admit it Mean, you still Deserve the Best.

But should a Line from Godlike *Hercules*  
 By just Progressions bring You down to Us:  
 If all your Actions only make appear  
 A Silly, vain, unworthy Character,  
 This heap of Ancestors, whom you Disgrace,  
 As witnesses Accuse you to your Face:  
 And all the dazzling Splendor of their fame  
 Eclips'd by you, doth but Increase your Shame,  
 Puff'd with That Blood, your Actions make so Cheap,  
 Under its false support you vainly Sleep.  
 In vain you hide, and think your self secure  
 In the great Vertues of your Ancestor.  
 These are Illusions All, fantastick Whims,  
 Vain, empty Notions, only found in Dreams.  
 You are to me a Coxcomb, Coward, Sot,  
 A Traitor, Lyar, Libertine, what not?  
 A Fool, whose Fits to Madness often launch,  
 And of a Noble Trunk a Rotten Branch,

I've gone too far perhaps, my Raging Muse  
 May too Much Gall, and Bitterness Infuse  
 In her Discourse, with Men of Quality  
 She should at least be Moderately free.  
 Well then, I'm Calm. Your Pedigree Appears:  
 Since when? Make answer. From a thousand Years.  
 'Tis a great while: But yet the Proofs are full,  
 Their Titles spread throughout the Chronicle:  
 Their Names in ancient Story so Sublime,  
 Have happily escap'd the Wreck of Time.  
 Well, be it so: Yet who'l Remove my fears,  
 That in so long a Tract of Rolling Years,  
 Your Grandmothers, by New Affections led,  
 Might sometimes wander from their Husbands Bed?  
 How do you know but some Audacious Face  
 Might Interrupt the Current of your Race,  
 And Having Stain'd their Long Nobility,  
 Your Blood from foul Dishonour is not free?

Curst be the Day, in which This Vanity  
 Came to defile our Native Purity.  
 In the old World, Those happy, golden times,  
 Each Life was Glorious that was free from Crimes.  
 Each Liv'd Content and under Equal Laws,  
 The Greatest Vertue no Rank Envy draws.  
 Merit alone made Nobleness and Kings,  
 The Hero from Himself his Lustre brings.  
 But Suffering Vertue in some Tract of Time,  
 Sees Honesty Translated into Crime :  
 And Pride, supported by the Splendid Name  
 Of Nobleness, obtain'd a mighty fame.  
 From hence came Crowds of Marquesses and Lords,  
 Each for his Vertue but a Name affords.  
 Thence Heraldry with its rude terms of Art  
 A language by it self did soon Impart.  
 Thus glitt'ring Folly Blinding human Sense,  
 Left to Abandon'd Honour No Defence.

Then

Then to support its new establish'd Name,  
 It fram'd a Method to Increase its Fame.  
 It Shew'd High Living, and Profuse expence,  
 A Stately Palace for its Residence,  
 A pompous Equipage with Coats of Lace,  
 Distinguish'd by their Colours in each Place :  
 And now the Marquess, and The Duke are known  
 By a Long Train of Pages through the Town.

Sunk in his Fortunes soon the Noble Lord  
 Contracts vast Debts, but Scorns to keep his Word.  
 Spite of the Laws He still supports his State,  
 Whilst Crowds of pressing Dunns besiege his Gate.  
 Till at the last, Provok'd with the Abuse,  
 They Seize upon his Stately Mansion House :  
 Take all his Moveables, Condemn'd by Law,  
 And make the Haughey Marquess Stand in Awe.  
 Then to Relieve his almost Starving Lot,  
 He Seeks *Relation* with some worthless Sor.

And

And making Traffick of a Noble Name,  
 So Precious heretofore, and Dear to Fame,  
 By a Low Match Sells All his Pedigree,  
 And so Reversing Fortune's harsh Decree,  
 Regains his Honour by his Infamy.

If Gold be Wanting to Redeem your Place,  
 'Tis Vain to Boast the Lustre of your Race.  
 Regard to Ancestors for Madness goes,  
 And all your Kinsmen are become your Foes.  
 But once grown Rich, you are both Great and Wise,  
 And tho' you Gain'd your Fortune all by Dice,  
 Had you by Birth, Nor Memory, Nor Name,  
 Historians then would soon Allow Your Claim  
 To Many Ancestors, and Raise Your Fame.

You then, My Lord, whose Vertue doth support  
 Your Honour from the Quick sands of the Court :  
 Whose Merit from the Rank, in which you Shine,  
 Adorns a Prince the Glory of his Line.  
 A Prince, whose Actions daily get New Fame  
 Whilst Nations bend to His Immortal Name.

A Prince, VVho to Himself the Scepter owes,  
 And Scorns Ev'n Kings who are to Valour Foes.  
 Safe in their Purple, but in Deeds Untaught,  
 Let Them enjoy the Conquests Th ey have Bought.  
*William* disdains to be at home Confin'd,  
 But prompted by a Generous, Active Mind,  
 He Fights in Person to Secure Mankind.  
 Fortune O'ercome by His Unwearied Care,  
 Submits her Empire to His Rules of VVar.  
 VVhilst bravely Mounting on the Boldest VVing  
 Of Fame, He Shews what 'tis to be a King.  
 If You, My Lord, would gain a Lasting Praise  
 And his Esteem, Pursue your Virtuous Ways.  
 From Such a Draught Our Isle shall Subjects own  
 Worthy of Him, who Fills with such a grace the  
 ( Throne.

---

You then, My Lord, whole Virtue doth support  
 Your Honour from the Quickness of the Court:  
 Whole Merit from the Rank, in which you Shine  
 Adorns a Prince the Glory of his Line  
 While Nations daily get New Fame  
 While Nations bend to his Imperial Name.

Satyr.

## A SATYR.

In imitation of *Boileau's 4th. Sat.*

To Thomas Fitch Esquire.

**W**HENCE comes it, my good Friend, that every  
(Fool

Pretends to VVifdom, when his lumpish Soul

Scarce animates his frame, and yet This Ass

Must needs presume his Neighbour to surpass

The fam'd Astronomer upon the Hill,

VVho can the Secrets of the Stars Reveal :

VVhose Astrolabes are made with so much Art,

They can the distance of the Sun impart :

Disclose a Parallax in *Saturn's* Sphere,

And mark the Houses of Each VVand'ring Star.

Proud of his useles Knowledge, and vain Thoughts,

Calls other Men a Race of arrant Sots.

Oppose

Oppose to Him the Fop, that every day  
 Makes a Dull, Common *Tour*, from Play to Play,  
 First Visiting the Boxes with Stiff Grace,  
 And a vast VVig that covers half his Face:  
 Then least the Gaudy Thing should not Appear  
 At once to All, with an erected Air  
 He flutters to the Stage, where all the Place  
 May View the Figure of a Finish'd Ass:  
 One, who pronounces Learning to be Vain,  
 And too Pedantick for a Gentleman :  
 And thinks a Scholar ought to be confin'd  
 To Cells and Caves, and banish'd from Mankind.

The Miser see, That most Egregious Fool,  
 VVho thinks his VVretched Hoarding VVisdom's Rule:  
 How doth the Sot Repine with all his Store,  
 Because his Fortune did provide no more !  
 Meager and Starving thro' the Vile Abuse  
 Of all his Plenty, which he dare not Use.

And

And yet This fond Idolater mistakes  
His Vice for Conduct, which the Folly makes.

Again the Prodigal, with loud alarms  
Declares that Av'rice brings ten thousand harms  
Right. But VWho says it ? One, whose restless Mind  
Bears just proportion to the changing VVind.  
Uneasy always, and whose boundless VVealth  
Makes him despise the greater Blessing, Health.  
To every vain Excess The Spend-Thrift Runs,  
And each advising Friend with Study Shuns.  
His Fellow-creatures he Regards with Scorn,  
At least Those not so Rich, or nobly Born.  
At length by the alluring sound of Dice,  
The Spark is tempted, and the Money Flies.  
Thus Day by Day Condemn'd, the VVretch is made  
The general Bubble of the cheating Trade :  
Till at the Twelve-Month's End, Such is his Lot,  
He's Doom'd to know He is not worth a Groat.

'Twere

'Twere Endless to Recount the different kinds  
Of Spirits, that exert such wild designs.

As truly might a Man pretend to bring  
A Lift of all, who Physick in the Spring :

Or VVho, ere *Hymen* Lights them to his Bed,  
Thro' Nature's force have lost their Maiden-head.

But to Rhime all the Truth in two plain Lines,  
A Solid, perfect Wisdom no where Shines.

All Men are Fools, and spite of *VVILLS* we see  
The difference only lies in the degree.

As in a Wood, which various Paths divide,  
Where Trav'lers often stray without a Guide :

These take to the Left hand, and those the Right,  
Just as their different hopes their Steps invite.

Still as They pass, they do but wander more,  
For the same Error cheats them, as before.

So in the VVorld each takes his fancied VVay,

As each man's *Foible* leads his Soul astray.

And

And He, whose VVifdom thinks to bear the Rule  
Oer others, is Himfelf the Greateft Fool.

If we change Sexes, who can hope to find  
More prudence in the Ways of Womankind?  
The holy Dame, that to the outward ſhew  
Seeks Heav'n, and Values no Delights below:  
Is Scandaliz'd to hear of Love and Plays,  
And never talks but in a Scripture-phraſe:  
Who goes to Church with ſuch a ſeeming Zeal,  
That all the Sermon-time She'l chooſe to kneel.  
Yet Will this outſide in ſome private ſhade  
Embrace her Lover, and Recant her Trade:  
All Zealot as She was for heavenly Laws,  
In ſecret propagate the Devil's cauſe.

Then for the Jilt, the other vile Extreame,  
Who by the Cheat of Freedom gets her Name.  
Is She more Wiſe for drawing fooliſh Men  
To praife her Beauty, and familiar Meen,  
To give Eternal Treats, but give in Vain?

For Men will talk, when Women dare to prove  
Imposing Jilts, and fly from purchas'd Love.

All have their Darling Follies, and in Spite  
Of *Satyr*, Each will in his own delight.

Nay more, our Vain Conceits we so Erect,  
We call That Wisdom, which is our Defect :

And giving Way to a loose, partial Thought,  
VVe take for Vertue some Enormous fault.

Therefore, My Friend, (Deny This Truth VVho can ?)

The Least Pretender is The VVifest Man,

He, who Another's Failings is inclin'd

To spare, but not his own Mistaken Mind :

To his own faults severest Rigour Shews,

And looks on Crimes as his Eternal Foes :

Sill VVarring with the Errors of his Breast,

Is amongst Men the VVifest, and the Best.

*Tunbridge*

*Tunbridge-Wells.**To John Suffield Esquire.*

**S**INCE You so oft pursue the old Request  
 That I would yet debar my Muse of Rest;  
 Tho' for the Task unfit, and weary grown  
 Of Rhiming, whose effects so well are Known :  
 Yet Mindful of the Friendship of our Youth,  
 VVhich I have still preserv'd with Sacred Truth ;  
 Urg'd by that Thought The promis'd Draught I send;  
 But Oh! Cast off the Critick for the Friend.

Here at the *Wells* infus'd throughout VVe see  
 The gayest Humour, Mirth and Gallantry.  
 Men of all Trades, all Stations, all Degrees  
 Are Equal, and Unite extremities:  
 The Low-born Cit upon the Level stands  
 VVith the Great Lord, who shakes him by the hands

A Man of Acres, and a servile Cook  
 Are undistinguish'd as their Habits look.  
 No Rules of Courtship are admitted here,  
 But Universal freedom without fear.

Early VVe Rise, and at the VVells VVe take  
 VVaters of Ice, for as VVe Drink VVe Quake.  
 The VVomen too in Kindness to the Nation,  
 Take hearty draughts to favour Generation,  
 For *Tunbridge* VVaters help to Procreation.

Thus when the VVaters have fulfill'd their Course,  
 They leave a VVolf behind, without Remorse.  
 A dreadful Beast, of most Rapacious kind,  
 That Suffers no Reflection of the Mind.  
 But hurries All from Peasant to the Peer  
 To tame their Hunger, tho' it cost them Dear.

Is Dinner over? for Digestion's sake  
 Some active, free divertisement we take,

Dancing

Dancing or Bowling, as our fancies lead,  
 Or if you please, a Lais upon the Mead.  
 For I must tell you, that the VVaters Move  
 The heated Senses, and provoke to Love.

VVhen Evening comes, and all the Ladies Tir'd  
 More with the Dancing, than with being Admir'd:  
 The VValks are full, where Crowds of Men Surround  
 The Chearful Dames, whilst Box and Dice go round.  
 Here at this Sport You'l meet with many a Cit  
 Free of his Gold, but sparing of his VVit:  
 Ogling he Throws and n'er Regards his Chance,  
 But Plays and Loses on thro' Complaisance.]  
 Nor doth the Fop Repent, but still he cries  
 Damn Money, VVho was ever Rich and VVife?  
 And Swears that Mrs. Sm—— had Pow'rful Eyes.

Then at the Groom's, VVhat Crowding and what Pain  
 Some undergo to Throw a Fatal Main?

VVhich

VWhich done, what curses and what Oaths are found  
 To punish Fortune, as she VVheels around ?  
 Play is a Practice None should ever Use,  
 But such who can be easy when they Lose.  
 For when we Storm at what our selves Create,  
 'Tis most Ridiculous to Rail at Fate.  
 If Some Men Lose upon an Equal Lay  
 All they have Set by the meer chance of Play;  
 If C—— or the Knight who flings at All,  
 Throw off their Hundreds to advance their Fall :  
 VVhy must old Fortune be the mark of blame,  
 VVhen their own Folly has divulg'd their Shame ?

Believe me, 'tis a most diverting Sight  
 To see the Ladies, whom all Toys Invite,  
 Frisk up and down, and Raffle in each Shop,  
 Engaging by their freedom every Fop  
 To Joyn his Money and Present his Gains  
 To the fair Creature, that Distracts his Brains.

Or should you See by Aid of distant Light  
 A Nymph, Relying on the Shades of Night,  
 Seize on a Bashful Swain with eager Love,  
 Whilst smacking Kisses Echo thro' the Grove:  
 Would you not Think it was That Land of Bliss,  
 Where *Psyche* did the God of Love caress?  
 Some trifling Difference in the case I own,  
 That where the God was press'd on heavenly Down,  
 Our Nymph, whose Passion had Renounc'd all cares,  
 Embrac'd her Swain upon the Rugged Stairs.

Much more I could Reherse, but that I fear  
 Your Patience is so worn, 'twill no Additions bear.  
 Take This in Miniature, a larger Piece  
 I Leave to Those who Draw with better Grace.  
 Besides observe, that All within This Sphere  
 So well Consists, that each Revolving Year  
 If not the Same, at least Resembling Truths appear.

## SATYR.

To *William Wycherly Esquire.*

SAY, Happy Genius, Thou whole VVorks are VVrit  
 VVith Solid Judgment, and with Matchless VVir;  
 VVho Know'st the Fountains of Those Secret Arts  
 That Please our Senses, and Command our Hearts.  
 Compleat in all endowments of the Mind,  
 VVho canst Fit times of Speech and Silence find. |  
 Mov'd by Thy pattern shall I Cease to Write,  
 Or Still on Folly Shed my useful Spite?

Why should a Fop, that can no Merit claim  
 But what's deriv'd from his Fore-father's Name,  
 Be valued for his Fortune, that Surmounts  
 The treble Portion of my small Accounts?  
 I grant that where a Man is Rich and Wise,  
 And doth the Follies of the World despise,  
 Esteems Mankind for Worth and not Estate,  
 And Whose calm Mind admits of no debate,  
 VVhether

Whether a Fool, that by blind Fortune's Lot  
 Is Rich in Acres which his Father got,  
 Be ere the less a Fool, a Coxcomb, Sot.  
 If such a Man there be, it is confest  
 He Rises with advantage o'er the Rest.  
 For Naked Vertue is of less defence  
 Than One well-cloath'd, whatever's the Pretence.

But Tell me, *VV*ycherly, how is't we find  
 Good Fortune with egregious Folly joyn'd?  
 The Fool in Countenance, as well as Brain,  
 Shall have Regard, and prove a Lucky Man.  
 Unfledg'd, Unmeaning Things shall often Rise  
 Before the Learn'd, the Useful, and the *VV*ise,  
*VV*hy is it so, unless old Custom Rule  
 Again, and every Lord must have his Fool?

But what have *VVe* to do with Chance or Fate?  
 Let us be *VV*ise, and *VVe* are truly Great.

Let

Let Others be Deceiv'd with Fortune's VViles,  
 Haunt fickle Courts, and Cringe for Great Mens Smiles,  
 Flatter, and fawn, and vary still their shapes,  
 Changing their Maker's Form for That of *Apes*.  
 And yet for all their Tricks, and VVild grimace,  
 Their pressing Steps, long Hopes, and dauntless Face,  
 How often do they Lose at last the Promis'd Place!

Then let our Souls, my Friend, be more Refin'd,  
 The Jilt prevails not o'er the VVise-man's mind.  
 Thou know'st this Truth, who, 'spite of all the Arts,  
 VVith which She uses to inflave Men's hearts,  
 Enjoy'st an Equal Soul, prepar'd to stand  
 The Rudest Shocks from her Insulting hand.

"To be Disturbed at no Event below,  
 " Defines the Happy Man, and keeps him so.  
 " An Easy temper, and a Chearful Mind  
 " In every State a Prudent Man can find.

This *Horace* speaks, and since I have begun  
This sage Advice, Pray, hear the Master on,

" One that's Endu'd with true Philosophy, Part of the  
sch. Ep. 70  
Numicus  
" VWill search the various faces of the Sky  
" Unmov'd, and will contemplate from afar  
" The courses of the Sun, and every Star :  
" Observe each Season take a different Road,  
" And every Sign in a distinct Abode.  
" All This without Amazement He beholds,  
" And each Vast Secret to his Mind unfolds.

" VWhy are we then so lavish of our Health,  
" To Toil for *Indian* or *Arabian* VVealth ?  
" Or why do Some with an Unweari'd Pen  
" VWrite for the wild Applause of VVav'ring Men ?  
" VVith what a Mind, with what a Look should VVe  
" Regard These Things, if VVe would Happy be ?  
" The Fearful Man, who always Dreads the VVorst,  
" Is like the Covetous, for ever Curst.

The

" The Passions of the Mind on either side  
 " Are Troublefom, and every Joy Divide.

" Go now, and Gaze upon your Massy Plate,

" Your Costly Buildings, and your Gilded State.

Admire your *Tyrian* Colours, and become

" Distinguish'd by your Shining Train at *Rome*.

" Rejoyce when you Behold The Numerous Throng,

" Fix'd on your Person as you Pass along.

" Rise early to Increase your boundless Store,

" And come not home till you see Day no more.

" Lest *Mutins*, or some other Heartless Slave

" Should be convey'd more VVealthy to his Grave.

" For after all like other Men You Must

" At last Inevitably come to Dust.

" VVouldst Thou Live well? VVho would not? Ver-

( tue Shews

" The VVay to Happiness, and True Repose.

" Therefore all other Pleasures laid aside,

" Let This alone within your Breast abide.

" Farewel : and if Thou Know'st of Any Rule

" More fit for Practice in the VVifeman's School,

" Impart it kindly ; Or if not, Agree

" To share the Benefit of These with me.

## A DIALOGUE.

A. DIEU Thou soft Deluder of my Days,  
Nor hope from me an undeserved Praise.

Falſe as Thou art, VVhy didſt Thou flatter me

With great Rewards attending Poetry ?

M. You call me ſoft, and yet you angry Prove,

Reſlect, 'twas I inſpir'd you firſt with Love.

A. Yes, and That Love, the ground of all my pain,  
Distracts my Senses, and Ferments each Vein.

'Twas Love, forſooth, that taught me firſt to Rhime,

To favour Sound, and Miſapply my Time.

M. Call

**M.** Call not That Sound alone, which has engag'd  
Such Worthies, and such barbarous Minds asswag'd,  
Great instances of Good I could Rehearse  
Due to the flowing Harmony of Verse.

**A.** But many more of Ill: Not One in Ten  
That undertakes to Write, but damns his Pen.

**M.** The greater Glory still accrues to Him,  
Whose Master-Talent merits an Esteem.  
Good Poetry is Reach'd by very Few,  
He must take pains, who would the Rest out do.

**A.** VVhich when perform'd, What doth the Poet  
VVhere's the Reward of all his Toil and Pain ?  
VVhat Honours or what Riches are in View  
To Those, who are among the Better Few ?

**M.** The things you urge are transitory Joys,  
Got by much Labour, Crowd, Fatigue, and Noise.

The

The compensation which Good Poets claim,  
Are soft Repose, and Everlasting Fame.

A. That Soft Repose, O would the Bliss were less !  
How doth it tempt a Man to Idleness !  
VVhen once we are inclin'd to Sooth our Ease,  
VVe dream that nothing but a Muse can please.

M. Alas ! you dream indeed : for did you Wake,  
You could not urge so certain a Mistake.  
He that pretends on *Pegasus* to Ride,  
Must know him Well, before he gets astride.  
No Novice, or Unskilful Rider dare  
Mount the VVing'd Horse, that gallops thro' the Air  
Back'd with a Lifeless VVeight He foams and flings,  
Driving impetuous with expanded Wings,  
Till with the galling Curb impatient grown,  
He never leaves his Rage, till the vain Rider's thrown.

A. I

A. I grant there's somewhat Lofty and Divine  
 Amongst the Numbers of the tuneful Nine.  
 But still 'tis only Loftiness of Thought,  
 There's no Solidity, no Substance brought  
 Your *Pegasus*, whom you describe with care,  
 Tho' He flies well, yet still He flies thro' Air,  
 And That's a Region, which no Fruit will bear.

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**FINIS.**